



Flowers & Fancies

A
Collection
of



Valentine Verses

Illustrated by
Kate Greenaway



Victoria R.I.

COLLECTION
OF VICTORIAN BOOKS

AT

BRIGHAM YOUNG
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FLOWERS AND FANCIES

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MARCUS WARD & CO.

FLOWERS & FANCIES

Valentines

ANCIENT AND MODERN

By B. MONTGOMERIE RANKING
AND
THOMAS K. TULLY, F.R.H.S.

With Illustrations in Colour by
KATE GREENAWAY



London:
MARCUS WARD & CO., 67, CHANDOS STREET
AND ROYAL ULSTER WORKS, BELFAST

1882



FLOWERS AND FANCIES.

TO CORINNA, TO GO A-MAYING.

GET up, get up, for shame, the blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.

See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh-quilted colours through the air.
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
The dew bespangling herb and tree.

Each flower has wept, and bowed toward the east,
Above an hour since, yet you are not drest,

Nay, not so much as out of bed ;
When all the birds have matins said,
And sung their thankful hymns: 'tis sin,
Nay, profanation, to keep in,

When as a thousand virgins on this day.

Spring sooner than the lark to fetch in May.

Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth, like the spring-time fresh and green,
And sweet as Flora. 'Take no care
For jewels for your gown or hair ;
Fear not, the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you ;

Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept.
Come, and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night :
And Titan, on the eastern hill,
Retires himself, or else stands still
Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in
praying ;
Few beads are best when once we go a-Maying.
Come, my Corinna, come ; and, coming, mark
How each field turns a street, each street a park
Made green, and trimmed with trees ; see how
Devotion gives each house a bough
Or branch ; each porch, each door, ere this,
An ark, a tabernacle is,
Made up of white thorn neatly interwove ;
As if here were those cooler shades of love.
Can such delights be in the street
And open fields, and we not see 't ?
Come, we'll abroad, and let 's obey
The proclamation made for May ;
And sin no more, 'as we have done, by staying,
But, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.
There's not a budding boy or girl this day,
But is got up, and gone to bring in May.
A deal of youth, ere this, is come
Back, and with white thorn laden home.
Some have despatched their cakes and cream
Before that we have left to dream ;
And some have wept, and wooed, and plighted troth,
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth :
Many a green gown has been given ;
Many a kiss, both odd and even ;

Many a glance, too, has been sent
From out the eye, Love's firmament ;
Many a jest told of the key's betraying,
This night, and locks picked ; yet we're not a-Maying.
Come, let us go, while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time.
We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty.
Our life is short, and our days run
As fast away as doth the sun ;
And, as a vapour, or a drop of rain
Once lost, can ne'er be found again ;
So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade,
All love, all liking, all delight,
Lies drowned with us in endless night.
Then, while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.

Robert Herrick.



SIMPLE LOVE.

IN Love's apparel richly drest
My Messenger of Love shall be,
With honest ardour in his breast,
And in his look sincerity.
A simple love, a soul sincere,
Are subtler than the deepest art
To gain my lady's gentle ear,
To win my beauteous lady's heart.
Deeper than the deepest art
Is simple Love to gain a heart.

F. E. E. Hooper.

THE POET'S APOLOGY FOR LOVE.

THE rugged forehead, that with grave foresight
Wields kingdoms' causes and affairs of state,
My looser rhymes, I wot, doth sharply wite,
For praising love as I have done of late,
And magnifying lovers' dear debate;
By which frail youth is oft to folly led,
Through false allurement of that pleasing bait,
That better were in virtues disciplèd,
Than with vain poems' weeds to have their fancies fed.

Such ones ill judge of love, that cannot love,
Nor in their frozen hearts feel kindly flame:
Forthy they ought not thing unknown reprove,
Nor natural affection faultless blame
For fault of few that have abused the same:
For it of honour and all virtue is
The root, and brings forth glorious flowers of fame,
That crown true lovers with immortal bliss,
The meed of them that love, and do not live amiss.
Spenser.



ACROSS THE SEA.

I WALKED in the lonesome evening,
And who so sad as I,
When I saw the young men and maidens
Merrily passing by?
To thee, my love, to thee—
So fain would I come to thee!
While the ripples fold upon sands of gold,
And I look across the sea.

I stretch out my hands ; who will clasp them ?
I call—thou repliest no word ;
O why should heart-longing be weaker
Than the waving wings of a bird !
To thee, my love, to thee—
So fain would I come to thee !
For the tide's at rest from east to west,
And I look across the sea.

There's joy in the hopeful morning,
There's peace in the parting day,
There's sorrow with every lover
Whose true love is far away.
To thee, my love, to thee—
So fain would I come to thee !
And the water's bright in a still moonlight,
As I look across the sea.

W. Allingham.



LOVE'S CATECHISM.

YOU ask me why the sea is blue?
And why so azure are the skies?
Ah, Love, the answer lies with you—
They take their colour from your eyes.

YOU ask me why the world is green?
And why the lambs thus frisk and dance?
Ah, Love, the reason here is seen—
They find their spring-time in your glance.

YOU ask me why the blackbirds sing?
And why the mavises rejoice?
Ah, Love, the stones like bells would ring,
Could they but emulate your voice!

You ask me could it ever be,
 That Love alone a life might bless?
 I answer—"Sweetheart, we will see,
 If you will only murmur 'Yes'!"

Say yes—say yes, the while I woo,
 Or lift your pretty hands as signs;—
 We'll make our life one Spring all through,
 Our days like spun-out Valentines!

Henrietta A. Duff.

—o—

SONG.

AMARANTHA, sweet and fair,
 Oh, braid no more that shining hair;
 Let it fly as unconfined
 As its calm ravisher, the wind;
 Who hath left his darling, th' east,
 To wanton o'er that spicy nest.
 Every tress must be confess'd
 But neatly tangled at the best;
 Like a clew of golden thread
 Most excellently ravelled.
 Do not, then, wind up that light
 In ribands, and o'ercloud in night,
 Like the sun's in early ray;
 But shake your head, and scatter day.

Richard Lovelace.

—o—

MARGUERITE.

SHE leans against the meadow gate,
 She plucks the daisy-leaves,
 She thinks thereby to learn her fate,
 The fate the daisy weaves;—

Spring flowers blow about her feet,
Spring breezes lift her curls,
She is a flower herself, my sweet,
A pearl among the pearls !

Oh, maiden of the kirtle blue,
Repeat your pretty task,
Though never any need have you
Of flowers your fate to ask ;—
You know I love you—love you well,
Not hard is that to see ;—
Yet say once more your daisy spell,
To see if you love me ?

Henrietta A. Duff.



LOVE UNCONTROLLED.

LOVE will not be constrained by mastery.
When mastery comes, the god of Love anon
Beateth his wings, and, farewell, he is gone.
Love is a thing as any spirit free.
Women of kind desiren liberty,
And not to be constrained as a thrall ;
And so do men, if I sooth say shall.
Lookē who that most patient is in love,
He is at his advantage all above.
Patience is a high virtue certain,
For it vanquisheth, as these clerks sayn,
Things that rigour shall never attain,
For every word men may not chide or plain.

Chaucer.

WHAT MOOD IS BEST?

NYMPH of the downward smile and sidelong glance!
In what diviner moments of the day
Art thou most lovely? When gone far astray
Into the labyrinths of sweet utterance?
Or when serenely wandering in a trance
Of sober thought? Or when, starting away
With careless robe to meet the morning ray,
Thou sparest the flowers in thy mazy dance?
Haply 'tis when thy ruby lips part sweetly,
And so remain, because thou listenest:
But thou to please wert nurtured so completely
That I can never tell what mood is best.
I shall as soon pronounce which Grace more neatly
Trips it before Apollo than the rest.

Keats.

A LOVER FOR A FRIEND.

Is it not, Celia, in your power
To say how long our love will last?
It may be we, within this hour,
May lose those joys we now do taste:
The blessèd, who immortal be,
From change of love are only free.

Then, since we mortal lovers are,
Ask not how long our love will last;
But while it does, let us take care
Each minute be with pleasure past.
Were it not madness to deny
To love, because we're sure to die?

Fear not ; though love and beauty fail,
My reason shall my heart direct ;
Your kindness now shall then prevail,
And passion turn into respect.
Celia, at worst, you 'll in the end
But change a lover for a friend.

Sir George Etherege.



MY GRACIOUS LADY.

MOST like the gracious Summer through the land
My lady moves, nor more desired than she
Is it in coming : birds that near at hand

Proclaim it—swallows hurrying wild with glee
Home from long banishment—to me appear
Like my glad thoughts whenever she draws near.

The young fresh flowers coloured divers wise,
Broidered about on delicatest green
Of lush May grass, do likest in my eyes

Seem to her trailing garments : the rich sheen
Which the thick corn-lands of the August wear
Seems like the golden glories of her hair.

Her speech is as the singers of the sky

When in their mid-day gladness they rejoice,
Her laughter like the jocund lark on high ;

But when deep tenderness doth hush her voice,
Then 'tis the utt'rance of the nightingale
Heard in lone ways beneath the moonlight pale.

Full July skies, of deep untroubled blue,

Image her eyes, which are my firmament
Whereto I turn ; for from them, whilst I woo,
Shineth on me, pure and beneficent

As from high heaven, her radiant soul, my one
Source of light, life, time, motion : my heart's sun.
F. Scarlett Potter.



JOY INCOMPLETE.

SPRING smiles anew with myriad hue,
And laughs aloud in the breeze ;
Pours forth her song blithe nests among,
Her dance in the waving trees :
And sweet such joys to hear and see,
Did but my Valentine rove with me.

Each path through life with flowers is rife,
And mirth is born in the breast,
And every day has its song and play,
And every age its zest :
And such long joys in store might be,
Would but my Valentine pair with me.

Anonymous.



THE ENAMOURED SHEPHERD.

O GENTLE Love, ungentle for thy deed,
Thou mak'st my heart
A bloody mark
With piercing shot to bleed.
Shoot soft, sweet Love, for fear thou shoot amiss,
For fear too keen
Thy arrow's been,
And hit the heart where my beloved is.

Too fair that fortune were, nor never I
 Shall be so blest
 Among the rest,
That Love shall seize on her by sympathy.
Then since with Love my prayers bear no boot,
 This doth remain
 To ease my pain,
I take the wound, and die at Venus' foot.
George Peele.

—o—

SONG.

" A WEARY lot is thine, fair maid,
 A weary lot is thine !
To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,
 And press the rue for wine !
A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
 A feather of the blue,
A doublet of the Lincoln green, —
 No more of me you knew,
 My love !
 No more of me you knew.

" This morn is merry June, I trow,
 The rose is budding fain ;
But she shall bloom in winter snow
 Ere we two meet again."
He turned his charger as he spake,
 Upon the river shore,
He gave his bridle reins a shake,
 Said, " Adieu for evermore,
 My love !
 And adieu for evermore."
Sir Walter Scott.

A SPRING HOLIDAY.

WHEN the Spring is blithe and gay,
Let us have a holiday,
Wandering through the budding grove,
Where the birds but sing of love,
And the hawthorn blossoms white
Shed around a sweet delight ;
Or through meadows we will stray,
Where the lambkins are at play,
And the streams, no more ice-bound,
Leap along with merry sound :
All the world to gladness springs,
Whilst Hope, joyous, waves her wings,
And Love, smiling, whispers—" This
Is my Eden-time of bliss."

Julia Goddard.



LOVE'S MESSENGER.

THE spring-tide fields are fresh and green,
The morning flowers are fair,
But sweeter far is she, my queen,
Who stands amongst them there,—
Her eyes are raised, her pretty hands
Stretch forth to win the dove,—
I see her yonder, as she stands,
With my keen eye of love.

Ah ! pretty one, the bird is fleet,
To hover or to soar ;
Yet swifter fly love-thoughts, my sweet,
To those whom we adore ;—



MARCUS WARD & CO.

So, though but poor the words I write,
You are so very wise,
You're sure to understand them quite,
Before they meet your eyes.

You know I love you passing well—
That is not hard to see,—
Nor does my Love need words to tell,
While looks may speak for me.
So here's a Valentine, my Love,
Most fervent and most true ;
Perhaps when you have caught the dove,
You'll guess who sends it you.

Henrietta A. Duff.



CHERRY-RIPE.

THERE is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies blow ;
A heavenly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow ;
There cherries grow that none may buy,
Till " Cherry-Ripe " themselves do cry.
Those cherries fairly do enclose
Of orient pearl a double row,
Which when thy lovely laughter shows,
They look like rose-buds filled with snow :
Yet them no peer nor prince may buy,
Till " Cherry-Ripe " themselves do cry.
Her eyes like angels watch them still ;
Her brows like bended bows do stand,
Threat'ning with piercing frowns to kill
All that approach with eye or hand

These sacred cherries to come nigh,
Till "Cherry-Ripe" themselves do cry!
Richard Allison.



THE BEST FESTIVAL.

SOME keep Christmas
And New-Year's Day,
Some Bonfire Night
And the First of May.
But the jolliest Saint
Of all the lot,
The patron who shall
Be never forgot,
Is Valentine old,
With crozier and ring,
Who comes to marry us
Every Spring

Sweet Saint Valentine,
Prithee avow
If my true love
Will marry me now?
If she'll marry me,
Off we'll go,
With love to steer
And joy to row,
And a blue butterfly
To show us the way
To the lovers' land
Of eternal day.

G. A. Simcox.

CORYDON'S FAREWELL TO PHILLIS.

FAREWELL, dear love ; since thou wilt needs be gone,

My eyes do show my life is almost done.

Nay, I will never die, so long as I can spy

There be many-mo, though that she do go,

There be many-mo, I fear not :

Why, then, let her go, I care not.

Farewell, farewell ; since this I find is true,

I will not spend more time in wooing you :

But I will seek elsewhere, if I may find love there :

Shall I bid her go ? what, and if I do ?

Shall I bid her go, and spare not ?

O no, no, no, I dare not.

Ten thousand times farewell ;—yet stay awhile :—

Sweet, kiss me once ; sweet kisses time beguile :

I have no power to move. How now, am I in love ?

Wilt thou needs be gone ? Go then, all is one.

Wilt thou needs be gone ? Oh, hie thee !

Nay, stay, and do no more deny me.

Once more adieu, I see loth to depart

Bids oft adieu to her that holds my heart.

But seeing I must lose thy love, which I did choose,

Go thy way for me, since that may not be.

Go thy ways for me. But whither ?

Go, oh, but where I may come thither.

What shall I do ? my love is now departed.

She is as fair as she is cruel-hearted.

She would not be entreated, with prayers oft repeated.

If she come no more, shall I die therefore?

If she come no more, what care I?

Faith, let her go, or come, or tarry.

Anonymous.



THE HAPPY MAN.

No longer any choice remains ;

All beauty now I view,

All bliss that womankind contains,

Completely summed in you.

Your stature marks the proper height,

Your hair the finest shade ;

Complexion—Love himself aright

Each varying tint hath laid.

Your voice—the very tone and pitch

Whereto my heart replies !

Blue eyes, or black, or hazel—which

Are best ? *Your* coloured eyes.

Your manners, gestures, being of you,

Most easily excel.

Have you defects ? I love them too,

I love yourself so well.

To me, once careworn, veering, vext,

Kind fate my queen hath sent ;

In full allegiance, unperplexed,

I live, with sweet content.

No longer any choice remains ;

All beauty now I view,

All bliss that womankind contains,

Completely summed in you.

W. Allingham.

PORTRAITS.

I.

SHE was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight ;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament ;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
Like twilight, too, her dusky hair ;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn ;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too !
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty ;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet ;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine ;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller betwixt life and death ;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill ;
A perfect woman, nobly plann'd,
To warn, to comfort, and command ;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.

William Wordsworth.

II.

THREE years she grew in sun and shower,
Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown ;
This child I to myself will take :
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own.

" Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse ; and with me
The girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

" She shall be sportive as the fawn,
That, wild with glee, across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs ;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute, insensate things.

" The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her ; for her the willow bend ;
Nor shall she fail to see,
E'en in the motions of the storm,
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

" The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her ; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place,
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

“ And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell :
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell.”

Thus Nature spake. The work was done—
How soon my Lucy's race was run !
She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm and quiet scene ;
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be.

William Wordsworth.



A TRUE HEART'S HOMAGE.

If I might do for thee a knightly deed,
Wearing thy colours at my helmet's crest,
Say, gentle lady, would'st thou make me blest,
And grant to me of gallantry the meed ?
Or might I wander far o'er distant seas,
Bringing to thee rich gems and offerings rare,
As lovers did of old to ladies fair ;
Would gifts and gems thy fickle fancy please ?
Could I win Fame, by prowess of my sword,
Fighting the Paynim far from Christian lands,
And lay my trophies in thine own fair hands,
Would'st thou a favouring smile to me afford ?
Alas ! I can but tell thee thou art dear,
The prize of *Constancy* is all I claim ;
Have I not kept embalmed the one dear name,
In my heart's inmost fold, for many a year ?

Then though no fame of gallant deed be mine,
 Of wanderings far, or feats on battle plain,
 A true heart's homage thou wilt not disdain,
 This blessed morning of Saint Valentine.

J. Little.



LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG.

LOVE me little, love me long,
 Is the burden of my song.
 Love that is too hot and strong
 Burneth soon to waste.
 Still I would not have thee cold,
 Not too backward or too bold ;
 Love that lasteth till 'tis old
 Fadeth not in haste.

If thou lovest me too much,
 It will not prove as true as touch ;
 Love me little more than such,
 For I fear the end.
 I am with little well content,
 And a little from thee sent
 Is enough, with true intent,
 To be steadfast friend.

Say thou lov'st me while thou live,
 I to thee my love will give,
 Never dreaming to deceive
 While that life endures :
 Nay, and after death, in sooth,
 I to thee will keep my truth,
 As now, when in my May of youth.
 This my love assures.

Constant love is moderate ever,
And it will through life persevere ;
Give me that, with true endeavour
I will it restore.
A suit of durance let it be,
For all weathers ; that for me,
For the land or for the sea,
Lasting evermore.

Winter's cold or Summer's heat,
Autumn's tempests on it beat,
I can never know defeat,
Never can rebel.
Such the love that I would gain,
Such the love, I tell thee plain,
Thou must give, or woo in vain ;
So to thee farewell.

Anonymous.



LOVE'S PROTESTATION.

FIRST shall the heavens want starry light ;
The seas be robbèd of their waves ;
The day want sun, and sun want bright ;
The night want shade, the dead men graves ;
The April flowers and leaf and tree,
Before I false my faith to thee.

First shall the tops of highest hills
By humble plains be overpried,
And poets scorn the Muses' quills,
And fish forsake the water glide,
And Iris lose her coloured weed,
Before I fail thee at thy need.

First direful Hate shall turn to Peace,
And Love relent in deep disdain,
And Death his fatal stroke shall cease,
And Envy pity every pain,
And Pleasure mourn, and Sorrow smile,
Before I talk of any guile.

First Time shall slay his slayless race,
And Winter bless his brows with corn,
And snow bemoisten July's face,
And Winter, Spring, and Summer mourn,
Before my pen, by help of Fame,
Cease to recite thy sacred name.

Thomas Lodge.



WOMAN'S MINISTRY.

O, WOMAN ! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made ;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou !

Sir Walter Scott.



THE SKYLARK.

Go, tuneful bird, that gladd'st the skies,
To Daphne's window speed thy way ;
And there on quivering pinions rise,
And there thy vocal art display.

And if she deign thy notes to hear,
And if she praise thy matin song,
Tell her, the sounds that soothe her ear
To Damon's native plains belong.

Tell her, in livelier plumes arrayed,
The bird from Indian groves may shine ;
But ask the lovely, partial maid,
What are his notes compared with thine ?

Then bid her treat yon witless beau
And all his flaunting race with scorn ;
And lend an ear to Damon's woe,
Who sings her praise, and sings forlorn !
Shenstone.



THE LOVER TO HIS MISTRESS,
ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

If any white-winged Power above
My joys and griefs survey,
The day when thou wert born, my love—
He surely bless'd that day.

I laughed (till taught by thee) when told
Of Beauty's magic powers,
That ripened life's dull ore to gold,
And changed its weeds to flowers.

My mind had lovely shapes portrayed ;
But thought I earth had one
Could make even Fancy's vision fade
Like stars before the sun ?

I gazed, and felt upon my lips
The unfinished accents hang :
One moment's bliss, one burning kiss,
To rapture changed each pang.

And though as swift as lightning's flash
Those tranced moments flew,
Not all the waves of time shall wash
Their memory from my view.

But duly shall my raptured song,
And gladly shall my eyes,
Still bless this day's return, as long
As thou shalt see it rise.

Thomas Campbell.



W O M A N .

WOMAN! when I behold thee flippant, vain,
Inconstant, childish, proud, and full of fancies ;
Without that modest softening that enhances
The downcast eye, repentant of the pain
That its mild light creates to heal again ;
E'en then, elate, my spirit leaps and prances,
E'en then my soul with exultation dances,
For that to love, so long, I've dormant lain.
But when I see thee meek, and kind, and tender,
Heavens! how desperately do I adore
Thy winning graces ;—to be thy defender
I hotly burn—to be a Calidore—
A very Red Cross Knight—a stout Leander—
Might I be loved by thee like these of yore.

Light feet, dark violet eyes, and parted hair,
Soft dimpled hands, white neck, and creamy breast,
Are things on which the dazzled senses rest
Till the fond, fixèd eyes forget they stare.
From such fine pictures, Heavens! I cannot dare
To turn my admiration, though unpossessed
They be of what is worthy, though not dressed
In lovely modesty, and virtues rare.
Yet these I leave as thoughtless as a lark;
These lures I straight forget,—e'en ere I dine,
Or thrice my palate moisten: but when I mark
Such charms with mild intelligences shine,
My ear is open, like a greedy shark,
To catch the tunings of a voice divine.

Ah! who can e'er forget so fair a being?
Who can forget her half-retiring sweets?
God! she is like a milk-white lamb that bleats
For man's protection. Surely the All-seeing,
Who joys to see us with His gifts agreeing,
Will never give him pinions, who entreats
Such innocence to ruin,—who vilely cheats
A dove-like bosom. In truth there is no freeing
One's thoughts from such a beauty; when I hear
A lay that once I saw her hand awake,
Her form seems floating palpable, and near:
Had I e'er seen her from an arbour take
A dewy flower, oft would that hand appear,
And o'er my eyes the trembling moisture shake.

Keats.

TO LOVERS.

WORSHIP ye that lovers bin this May,
 For of your bliss the Kalends are begun,
 And sing with us, away, Winter, away,
 Come, summer, come, the sweet season and sun,
 Awake, for shame! that have your heavens won,
 And amourously lift up your heades all,
 Thank Love, that list you to his mercy call.
James I. of Scotland.



TOO LATE.

Too late, alas! I must confess
 You need no arts to move me:
 Such charms by nature you possess,
 'Twere madness not to love ye.
 Then spare a heart you may surprise,
 And give my tongue the glory
 To boast, though my unfaithful eyes
 Betray a kinder story.
John, Earl of Rochester.



POSSIBILITIES.

A MERRY boy and gleesome girl
 We wandered on the lea,
 And I was something then to you,
 And you were all to me!
 Your love was fleeting—did not last
 Beyond the summer day;
 And when the sky was overcast,
 It quickly flew away.

Ah, well! we know what might have been
If we had both been true;
Perhaps it may be even yet,
I cannot say—can you?

Anonymous.



SONG FROM "CYMBELINE."

HARK, hark, the lark at Heaven's gate sings,
And Phoebus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies:
And waking Mary-buds begin to ope their golden
eyes.
With everything that pretty is, my lady sweet, arise:
Arise, arise.

Shakspeare.



ONE WORD IS TOO OFTEN PROFANED.

ONE word is too often profaned
For me to profane it,
One feeling too falsely disdained
For thee to disdain it;
One hope is too like despair
For prudence to smother,
And pity from thee more dear
Than that from another.

I can give not what men call love;
But wilt thou accept not
The worship the heart lifts above,
And the heavens reject not:

The desire of the moth for the star,
 Of the night for the morrow ;
 The devotion to something afar
 From the sphere of our sorrow ?

P. B. Shelley.



A B S E N C E.

'Tis not the loss of love's assurance,
 It is not doubting what thou art,
 But 'tis the too, too long endurance
 Of absence that afflicts my heart.

The fondest thoughts two hearts can cherish,
 When each is lonely doomed to weep,
 Are fruits on desert isles that perish,
 Or riches buried in the deep.

What though, untouched by jealous madness,
 Our bosom's peace may fall to wreck ;
 Th' undoubting heart, that breaks with sadness,
 Is but more slowly doomed to break.

Absence ! is not the soul torn by it
 From more than light, or life, or breath ?
 'Tis Lethe's gloom, but not its quiet,
 The pain without the peace of death !

Thomas Campbell.



ASK ME NO MORE.

ASK me no more where Jove bestows,
 When June is past, the fading rose :
 For in your beauty's orient deep,
 These flowers as in their causes sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day :
For in pure love, Heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste
The nightingale, when May is past :
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where those stars light
That downwards fall in dead of night :
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixèd become as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if, east or west,
The Phoenix builds her spicy nest :
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies.

Thomas Carew.



SONNET LXX.

FRESH Spring, the herald of Love's mighty king,
In whose cote-armour richly are displayed
All sorts of flowers, the which on earth do spring,
In goodly colours gloriously arrayed ;
Goe to my love, where she is carelesse lay'd,
Yet in her winter's bowre not well awake ;
Tell her the joyous time will not be staid
Unlesse she doe him by the forelock take ;
Bid her therefore herselfe soone reddy make,
To wayt on Love amongst his lovely crew ;

Where everyone, that misseth then her mate,
Shall be by him amearst with penance dew.
Make hast therefore, sweet Love, whilst it is prime,
For none can call again the passèd time.

Spenser.



STILL THE SAME.

No, no, fair heretic; it needs must be
But an ill love in me,
And worse for thee;
For were it in my power
To love thee now this hour
More than I did the last,
I would then so fall
I might not love at all.
Love that can flow, and can admit increase,
Admits as well an ebb, and may grow less.

True love is still the same; the torrid zones,
And these more frigid ones,
It must not know.
For love grown cold or hot
Is lust or friendship, not
The thing we have.
For that's a flame would die,
Held down or up too high:
Then think I love more than I can express,
And would love more, could I but love thee less.

Sir John Suckling.

A PRAISE OF HIS LOVE,
WHEREIN HE REPROVETH THEM THAT COMPARE
THEIR LADIES WITH HIS.

GIVE place, ye lovers, here before
That spent your boasts and brags in vain ;
My Lady's beauty passeth more
The best of yours, I dare well sayen,
Than doth the sun the candle light,
Or brightest day the darkest night.

And thereto hath a troth as just
As had Penelope the fair ;
For what she saith, ye may it trust,
As it by writing sealèd were :
And virtues hath she many-mo
Than I with pen hath skill to show.

I could rehearse, if that I would,
The whole effect of Nature's plaint,
When she had lost the perfect mould,
The like to whom she could not paint :
With wringing hands, how she did cry,
And what she said, I know it, aye.

I know she swore with raging mind,
Her kingdom only set apart,
There was no loss by law of kind
That could have gone so near her heart ;
And this was chiefly all her pain ;
"She could not make the like again."

Sith Nature thus gave her the praise,
To be the chiefest work she wrought ;
In faith, methink ! some better ways
On your behalf might well be sought,

Than to compare, as ye have done,
To match the candle with the sun.

Henry, Earl of Surrey.



TO AMANDA.

COME, then, ye virgins, and ye youths, whose hearts
Have felt the raptures of refining love ;
And thou, Amanda, come, pride of my song !
Formed by the Graces, loveliness itself !
Come, with those downcast eyes, sedate and sweet ;
Those looks demure, that deeply pierce the soul ;
Where with the light of thoughtful reason mixed,
Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart :
Oh, come ! and while the rosy-footed May
Steals blushing on, together let us tread
The morning dews, and gather in their prime
Fresh blooming flowers, to grace thy braided hair,
And thy loved bosom, that improves their sweets.

James Thomson.



CUPID'S ASSAULT.

WHEN Cupid scalèd first the fort,
Wherein my heart lay wounded sore ;
The battery was of such a sort,
That I must yield or die therefore.

Then saw I Love upon the wall,
How he his banner did display :
Alarm, alarm, he 'gan to call ;
And bade his soldiers keep array.

The arms the which that Cupid bare,
Were piercèd hearts with tears besprent
In silver and sable, to declare
The steadfast love he always meant.

There might you see his band all dressed
In colours like to white and black,
With powder and with pellets pressed
To bring the fort to spoil and sack.

Good-will, the master of the shot,
Stood in the rampire brave and proud,
For spence of powder he spared not
Assault ! assault ! to cry aloud.

There might you hear the cannon's roar ;
Each piece discharged a lover's look,
Which had the power to rend, and tore
In any place whereas they took.

And even with the trumpet's sound
The scaling ladders were up set,
And Beauty walkèd up and down,
With bow in hand and arrows whet.

Then first Desire began to scale,
And shrouded him under his targe ;
As one the worthiest of them all,
And aptest for to give the charge.

Then pushèd soldiers with their pikes,
And halberdès with handy strokes ;
The arquebusse in flash it lights,
And duns the air with misty smokes.

And as it is the soldier's use,
When shot and powder 'gins to want,
I hangèd up my flag of truce,
And pleaded up for my life's grant.

When Fancy thus had made her breach,
And Beauty entered with her band,
With bag and baggage, simple wretch,
I yielded into Beauty's hand.

Then Beauty had to blow retreat,
And every soldier to retire,
And Mercy willed with speed to fet
Me captive bound as prisoner.

Madame, quoth I, sith that this day
Hath servèd you at all assays,
I yield to you without delay
Here of the fortress all the keys.

And sith that I have been the mark,
At whom you shot at with your eye;
Needs must you with your handiwork
Or salve my sore, or let me die.

Lord Vaux.



SONG FROM "THE FOREST."

OH, do not wanton with those eyes,
Lest I be sick with seeing;
Nor cast them down, but let them rise,
Lest shame destroy their being.

Oh, be not angry with those fires,
For then their threats will kill me;
Nor look too kind on my desires,
For then my hopes will spill me.

Oh, do not steep them in my tears,
For so will sorrow slay me;
Nor spread them as distraught with fears;
Mine own enough betray me.

Ben Jonson.



SPRING MEMORIES.

In the spring-time of the year,
When the trees were blossom-laden;
You and I, my only dear,
Then a little lad and maiden,
Vowed for ever to be true:
I remember it—do you?

In the spring-time of the year,
On a bough that held us both,
Love I whispered in your ear,
And you heard it nothing loth;
While the moments fastly flew:
I remember it—do you?

In the spring-time of the year,
Ere the almond blossoms fell,
Tho' you shed a foolish tear,
Yet declared you loved me well;
And you shyly kissed me too:
I remember it—do you?

'Tis the spring-time of the year,
And the trees are blossom-laden;
Tell me, are our hearts sincere,
As when we, a lad and maiden,
Vowed for ever to be true?
I remember it—do you?

Edgar Berrie.

WOMAN'S TENDERNESS.

MAN may the sterner virtues know—
Determined justice, truth severe;
But female hearts with pity glow,
And woman holds affliction dear.
For guiltless woes her sorrows flow,
And suffering vice compels her tear;
'Tis hers to soothe the ills below,
And bid life's fairer views appear.
To woman's gentle kind we owe
What comforts and delights us here;
They its gay hopes on youth bestow,
And care they soothe, and age they cheer.
George Crabbe.



A W I S H .

MINE be a cot beside a hill;
A beehive's hum shall soothe my ear;
A willowy brook, that turns a mill,
With many a fall, shall linger near.

The swallow oft beneath my thatch
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing,
In russet gown and apron blue.

The village church among the trees,
Where first our marriage vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
And point with taper spire to heaven.

Samuel Rogers.



IDEAL AND REAL.

OFT have I kissed my finger tips,
And prayed the gentle air
To waft the impress to thy lips,
And leave it nestling there ;

And thou, in very playfulness,
The pastime to sustain,
Yet hardly spurning the caress,
Hast sent it back again.

But oh ! I yearn to see the day
When, lest these kisses sweet
By hungry winds be snatched away,
Our lips themselves shall meet.

Edgar Berrie.



TRUE LOVE.

LET me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments ; love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.

Oh no ! it is an ever-fixèd mark

That looks on tempest and is never shaken ;

It is the star to every wandering bark

Whose worth's unknown, although his height be
taken.

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
 Within his bending sickle's compass come.
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
 But bears it out e'en to the edge of doom.
 If this be error, and upon me proved,
 I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

Shakspeare.



THE MANLY HEART.

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
 Die because a woman's fair,
 Or my cheeks make pale with care
 'Cause another's rosy are?
 Be she fairer than the day,
 Or the flowery meads in May—
 If she be not so to me,
 What care I how fair she be?

Shall my foolish heart be pined
 'Cause I see a woman kind;
 Or a well-disposed nature
 Joinèd with a lovely feature?
 Be she meeker, kinder, than
 Turtle-dove or pelican,
 If she be not so to me,
 What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
 Me to perish for her love?
 Or her merit's value known
 Make me quite forget mine own?

Be she with that goodness blest
Which may gain her name of Best ;
If she seem not such to me,
What care I how good she be ?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die ?
Those that bear a noble mind
Where they want of riches find,
Think what with them they would do
Who without them dare to woo ;
And unless that mind I see,
What care I though great she be ?

Great or good, or kind or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair ;
If she loves me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve ;
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go ;
For if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be ?

George Wither.



CUPID'S CURSE.

FAIR, and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be ;
The fairest shepherd on our green,
A love for any lady.

Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be :
Thy love is fair for thee alone,
And for no other lady.

My love is fair, my love is gay,
As fresh as bin the flowers in May,
And of my love my roundelay,
My merry, merry roundelay,
Concludes with Cupid's curse :
They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods, they change for worse !

My love can pipe, my love can sing,
My love can many a pretty thing,
And of his lovely praises ring
My merry, merry roundelays.
Amen to Cupid's curse,
They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods, they change for worse !
George Peele.



THE THEFT.

My lady only played with Love,
And, jesting, stole away
The blossoms that he prized the most
To make her garlands gay.

" For I will wear the flowers," she said,
" Though Love himself I scorn."
Then kept the roses for her cheeks,
And gave to me the thorn.

Nor can I choose but love thee, sweet,
Though, in this fair disguise,
Thou art a torture to my heart,
A gladness to my eyes.

When next thou takest, pretty thief,
Flowers that are not thine own,
I pray 't may be some potent herb,
To melt thy heart of stone.

Geo. Stuart.



SONG FROM "THE MAID IN THE MILL."

How long shall I pine for love ?
How long shall I sue in vain ?
How long, like the turtle-dove,
Shall I heavenly thus complain ?
Shall the sails of my love stand still ?
Shall the grists of my hopes be unground ?
Oh fie, oh fie, oh fie !
Let the mill, let the mill go round.

Beaumont and Fletcher.



CRUEL BEAUTY.

INSULTING beauty, you misspend
Those frowns upon your slave ;
Your scorn against such rebels bend,
Who dare with confidence pretend
That other eyes their hearts defend
From all the charms you have.

Your conquering eyes so partial are,
Or mankind is so dull,
That while I languish in despair,
Many proud senseless hearts declare
They find you not so killing fair
To wish you merciful.

They an inglorious freedom boast ;
I triumph in my chain ;
Nor am I unrevenged, though lost ;
Nor you unpunished, though unjust,
When I alone, who love you most,
Am killed with your disdain.

John, Earl of Rochester.



WHEN I BEHOLD.

WHEN I behold thy bashful eyes
Full of a tender, sweet surprise
At my devotion,
The heart within me beats and throbs
With the tempestuous, sudden throbs
Of strong emotion.

But when thine eyelids veil their light,
The day for me is changed to night,
And, sad and slow,
My feverish pulses now are stilled,
While my poor anxious heart is filled
With pain and woe.

Then when the pale moon lights the sky,
And swift-winged warblers homeward fly,
Forth let us rove,
Where the sweet hawthorn scents the air,
And flowers of spring-time, sweet and fair,
Emblems of love.

My arm around thee, and thy heart
Beating near mine, no more to part,
Shall give me peace ;

All nature shall more beauteous seem,
And life like some pure, lovely dream,
Never to cease.

A. Gaskell.



SERENADE FROM "WOMEN PLEASED."

O FAIR sweet face! O eyes celestial bright,
Twin stars in Heaven, that now adorn the night;
O fruitful lips where cherries ever grow,
And damask cheeks, where all sweet beauties blow;
O thou from head to foot divinely fair,
Cupid's most cunning net 's made of that hair,
And as he waves himself for curious eyes,
"O me! O me! I am caught myself," he cries:
Sweet rest about thee, sweet and golden sleep,
Soft peaceful thoughts your hourly watches keep,
Whilst I in wonder sing this sacrifice
To beauty sacred, and those angel-eyes.

Beaumont and Fletcher.



LOVE'S OMNIPRESENCE.

WERE I as base as is the lowly plain,
And you, my love, as high as heaven above,
Yet should the thoughts of me, your humble swain,
Ascend to heaven, in honour of my love.

Were I as high as heaven above the plain,
And you, my love, as humble and as low
As are the deepest bottoms of the main,
Whereso'er you were, with you my love should go.

Were you the earth, dear love, and I the skies,
 My love should shine on you like to the sun,
 And look upon you with ten thousand eyes,
 Till heaven waxed blind, and till the world were
 done.

Whereso'er I am, below, or else above you,
 Whereso'er you are, my heart shall truly love you.
T. Sylvester.

—o—

SONNET LXXXII.

Joy of my life! full oft for loving you
 I bless my lot, that was so lucky placed:
 But then the more your own mishap I rue,
 That are so much by so mean love embased.
 For, had the equal heavens so much you graced
 In this as in the rest, ye might invent
 Some heavenly wit, whose verse could have enchased
 Your glorious name in golden monument.
 But since ye deigned so goodly to relent
 To me your thrall, in whom is little worth,
 That little that I am shall all be spent
 In setting your immortal praises forth:
 Whose lofty argument, uplifting me,
 Shall lift you up unto a high degree.

Spenser.

—o—

IN A DAFFADOWNDILLY.

SAID Nanny to Willy,
 "In a daffadowndilly
 I'll live for ever and aye."

To Nanny said Willy,
"Oh, don't be so silly,
But live in my heart all day!"

Said Nanny to Willy,
"In a daffadowndilly,
I will if I may."

G. A. Simcox.



R O N D E A U.

(From the Portuguese of Camoens.)

JUST like Love is yonder rose,
Heavenly fragrance round it throws,
Yet tears its dewy leaves disclose,
And in the midst of briers it blows,
Just like Love.

Culled to bloom upon the breast,
Since rough thorns the stem invest,
They must be gathered with the rest,
And with it to the heart be pressed,
Just like Love.

And when rude hands the twin-buds sever,
They die—and they shall blossom never,
Yet the thorns be sharp as ever,
Just like Love.

Lord Strangford.

THE CHARM.

I DARE not give my secret to the breeze,
To moan adrift through other maidens' bowers,
Nor will I charge the rustling, murmuring trees,
Nor trust the fading bloom of gathered flowers.
But I will bid my love through fields to stray,
And there in pleasant nook or shady dell,
Pluck daisy petals all the live-long day,
Until she finds the truth—"He loves me well."

A. S.



THE "NAME UNKNOWN."

[IN IMITATION OF KLOPSTOCK.]

PROPHETIC pencil! wilt thou trace
A faithful image of the face,
Or wilt thou write the "Name Unknown,"
Ordained to bless my charmed soul,
And all my future fate control,
Unrivalled and alone?
Delicious Idol of my thought!
Though sylph or spirit hath not taught
My boding heart thy precious name;
Yet musing on my distant fate,
To charms unseen I consecrate
A visionary flame.
Thy rosy blush, thy meaning eye,
Thy virgin voice of melody,
Are ever present to my heart;
Thy murmured vows shall yet be mine,
My thrilling hand shall meet with thine,
And never, never part!

Then fly, my days, on rapid wing,
Till Love the viewless treasure bring,
While I, like conscious Athens, own
A power in mystic silence sealed,
A guardian angel unrevealed,
And bless the "Name Unknown!"

Thomas Campbell.



YEA OR NAY.

Do I love you? Let me see
What the pretty flow'rets say—
Roses, daisies, buttercups,
This for "yea," and this for "nay."

Ah, why need you look so grave?
You the roses plucked for me:
Is it any fault of mine
If 'mongst them a thorn should be?

Daisies were for pearls, you said,
Yellow buttercups for gold,
Roses beauty, and, through these,
You shall have your fortune told.

But, alas! the stupid flowers,
They the truth don't always tell,
You must learn alone from me
If, or not, I love you well.

Julia Goddard.

OF A' THE AIRTS.

OF a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly lo'e the West,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best :
There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
And mony a hill between ;
But day and night, my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair ;
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air :
There's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green,
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

Oh blaw, ye westlin' winds, blaw saft,
Amang the leafy trees ;
Wi' balmy gale, frae hill and dale,
Bring hame the laden bees ;
And bring the lassie back to me
That's aye sae neat and clean ;
A smile o' her wad banish care,
Sae charming is my Jean.

What sighs and vows amang the knowes
Hae passed atween us twa !
How fond to meet, how wae to part,
That night she gaed awa !

The Powers aboon can only ken,
To whom the heart is seen,
That nane can be sae dear to me
As my sweet, lovely Jean !

Burns.



THERE BE NONE OF BEAUTY'S
DAUGHTERS.

THERE be none of Beauty's daughters
With a magic like thee ;
And like music on the waters
Is thy sweet voice to me :
When, as if its sound were causing
The charmed ocean's pausing,
The waves lie still and gleaming,
And the lulled winds seem dreaming.
And the midnight moon is weaving
Her bright chain o'er the deep,
Whose breast is gently heaving
As an infant's asleep ;
So the spirit bows before thee
To listen and adore thee ;
With a full but soft emotion,
Like the swell of Summer's ocean.

Byron.



CONSTANCY.

THOUGH you toss your head aside,
Scorn will not my purpose move,
What care I for all your pride ?
Still I love.

Though you sit impassive, cold,
Frigidly my warmth reprove,
With my suit I will be bold,
For I love.

I will bear your smile of scorn,
Still with ardour press my plea,
Till within your heart is born
Love for me.

Anonymous.



GENEVIEVE.

MAID of my Love, sweet Genevieve !
In Beauty's light you glide along :
Your eye is like the star of eve,
And sweet your voice as seraph's song.
Yet not your heavenly beauty gives
This heart with passion soft to glow :
Within your soul a voice there lives !
It bids you hear the tale of woe.
When sinking low the sufferer wan
Beholds no hand outstretched to save,
Fair as the bosom of the swan,
That rises graceful o'er the wave,
I've seen your breast with pity heave,
And therefore love I you, sweet Genevieve !
Samuel Taylor Coleridge.



FAREWELL TO LOVE.

I HAD a heart that doted once in Passion's boundless
pain,
And though the tyrant I abjured, I could not break
his chain ;

But now that Fancy's fire is quenched, and ne'er can
burn anew,
I've bid to Love, for all my life, adieu! adieu!
adieu!

I've known, if mortal ever knew, the spells of
Beauty's thrall,
And if my song has told them not, my soul has felt
them all;
But Passion robs my Peace no more, and Beauty's
witching sway
Is now to me a star that's fall'n—a dream that's
passed away.

Hail! welcome tide of life, when no tumultuous
billows roll—
How wondrous to myself appears this halcyon calm
of soul!
The wearied bird blown o'er the deep would sooner
quit its shore,
Than I would cross the gulf again that time has
brought me o'er.

Why say they angels feel the flame? Oh, spirits of
the skies!
Can love like ours, that dotes on dust, in heavenly
bosoms rise?
Ah, no! the hearts that best have felt its power, the
best can tell,
That peace on earth itself begins, when Love has
bid farewell.

Thomas Campbell.

TO A COLD BEAUTY.

LADY, would'st thou heiress be
To Winter's cold and cruel part?
When he sets the rivers free,
Thou dost still lock up thy heart—
Thou that should'st outlast the snow
But in the whiteness of thy brow.

Scorn and cold neglect are made
For winter gloom and winter wind;
But thou wilt wrong the summer air,
Breathing it to words unkind—
Breath which only should belong
To love, to sunlight, and to song.

When the little buds unclose,
Red, and white, and pied, and blue,
And that virgin flower, the rose,
Opes her heart to hold the dew—
Wilt thou lock thy bosom up
With no jewel in its cup?

Let not cold December sit
Thus in Love's peculiar throne;
Brooklets are not prisoned now,
But crystal frosts are all agone—
And that which hangs upon the spray,
It is no snow, but flower of May.

Hood.

SONG FROM "THE FALSE ONE."

LOOK out, bright eyes, and bless the air;
Even in shadows you are fair.

Shut up beauty is like fire,
That breaks out clearer still and higher.
Though your body be confined,
And soft Love a prisoner bound,
Yet the beauty of your mind
Neither check nor chain hath found.

Look out nobly, then, and dare
Even the fetters that you wear.

Beaumont and Fletcher.



GO, LOVELY ROSE!

Go, lovely Rose!

Tell her, that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seemed to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That had'st thou sprung
In deserts where no men abide,
'Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die, that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee—
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

Edmund Waller.

TO LUCASTA.

IF to be absent were to be
 Away from thee ;
 Or that when I am gone
 You or I were alone ;
Then, my Lucasta, might I crave
Pity from blustering wind, or swallowing wave.
 Though seas and land betwixt us both,
 Our faith and troth,
 Like separated souls,
 All time and space controls ;
 Above the highest sphere we meet
Unseen, unknown, and greet as angels greet.
 So then we do anticipate
 Our after-fate,
 And are alive i' the skies,
 If thus our lips and eyes
 Can speak like spirits unconfined
In Heaven, their earthly bodies left behind.
 Richard Lovelace.

—o—

FORGET ME NOT.

FORGET ME NOT—it is the day
When every bird and flow'ret gay
 Awakes to shine and sing ;
And so I send my Valentine
A little flower, a loving line,
 Befitting of the spring !
Forget me not—when all is bright,
As I would wish it, day and night,
 Should ever be your lot ;

Nay, if I could, I fain would make
The whole world sweeter for your sake.
Ah, love ! forget me not !

Forget me not—if grief or woe
Should be your portion here below,
So prone is life to loss ;
But hearts that love may lessen pain,
And lips that kiss may kiss again,
To kiss away the cross.

Forget me not—though nevermore
We meet and greet as heretofore—
Though one of us be not,
My love would still about you shine,
Remembering my Valentine,
When all else were forgot !

G. Butt.



AN ELEGY.

THOUGH beauty be the mark of praise,
And yours, of whom I sing, be such
As not the world can praise too much,
Yet is 't your virtue now I raise.

A virtue, like alloy, so gone
Throughout your form, as though that move
And draw, and conquer all men's love,
This subjects you to love of me,

Wherein you triumph yet ; because
'Tis of yourself, and that you use
The noblest freedom not to choose
Against or faith or honour's laws.

But who could less expect from you,
In whom alone Love lives again,
By whom he is restored to men,
And kept, and bred, and brought up true?
His galling temples you have reared,
The withered garlands ta'en away ;
His altars kept from the decay
That envy wished, and nature feared ;
And on them burns so chaste a flame,
With so much loyalty's expense
As Love t' acquit such excellence
Is gone himself into your name.
And you are he ; the deity
To whom all lovers are designed,
That would their better objects find ;
Among which faithful troop am I ;
Who, as an offering at your shrine,
Have sung this hymn, and here entreat
One spark of your diviner heat
To light upon a love of mine ;
Which, if it kindle not, but scant
Appear, and that to shortest view,
Yet give me leave t' adore in you
What I, in her, am grieved to want.

Ben Jonson.



BLUE ROSES.

ALL the world in flower,
Lilies about us now,
Bloom on every bower,
Light on every bough.

But where are the roses,
In my youth that grew?
Rose that never closes—
Rose, whose tint is blue.

Once I thought I found them
In the days gone by—
Buds grew all around them,
Bluer than the sky ;
But whene'er I touched them,
Blue was turned to grey,
For it seemed I clutched them
Only to decay.

Ah, Blue Roses, never
Here may be your birth—
Sin and death together,
Dismal make our earth.
But the mist discloses
Azure peeping through,
And maybe my roses
Are where all is true.

Henrietta A. Duff.



THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

TWIN poppies hang over your head, my dear,
While daisies kiss your brows,
And roses blush, though the coming year
Hath scarce begun to rouse
From snow-wrapped sleep—so warm, so near
To the kiss of her future spouse.
Do poppies tell of forgetfulness?
Or murmur but of sleep,

That, ere thy presence came to bless
My heart, enthralled it deep?
And silence, since true hearts must guess
The secret each would keep.

But the daisies speak of purity,
As doth the messenger dove,
Of summer in full maturity
Tell they, and he of love ;
And both of the white futurity
That waits white souls above !

And whether the rose that shows so red,
And hath so many thorns,
Tells of hearts that have grieved and bled,
How conqueror wreath adorns,
Or rest for the weary, may not be said,
For the rose all blabbing scorns.

Yet holly hath pricks, and all the year
His green leaves faithful shine,
And love may be sharp, but if faith be clear,
What matter though some keen spine
Should pierce? For trouble makes each more
dear
To other, my Valentine !

B. Montgomerie Ranking.



NO ALTERNATIVE.

'Tis not your saying that you love
Can ease me of my smart ;
Your actions must your words approve,
Or else you break my heart.

In vain you bid my passions cease,
And ease my troubled breast ;
Your love alone must give me peace—
Restore my wonted rest.

But if I fail your heart to move,
Or 'tis not yours to give,
I cannot, will not, cease to love,
But I will cease to live. *Aphra Behn.*



A LADY TO HER INCONSTANT SERVANT.

WHEN on the altar of my hand
(Bedewed with many a kiss and tear)
Thy now revolted heart did stand
An humble martyr, thou didst swear
Thus (and the god of Love did hear) :
By those bright glances of thine eye,
Unless thou pity me, I die.
When first those perjured lips of thine,
Bepaled with blasting sighs, did seal
Their violated faith on mine,
From the soft bosom that did heal
Thee, thou my melting heart did steal ;
My soul, enflamed with thy false breath,
Poisoned with kisses, sucked in death.
Yet I nor hand nor lip will move,
Revenge or mercy to procure
From the offended god of Love ;
My curse is fatal, and my pure
Love shall beyond thy scorn endure.
If I implore the gods, they'll find
Thee too ungrateful, me too kind.

Thomas Carew.

THE CONSTANT LOVER LAMENTETH.

SINCE fortune's wrath envieth the wealth
Wherein I reignèd, by the sight
Of that, that fed mine eyes by stealth
With sour, sweet, dread, and delight ;
Let not my grief move you to moan,
For I will weep and wail alone.

Spite drave me into Boreas' reign,
Where hoary frosts the fruits do bite,
When hills were spread, and every plain
With stormy Winter's mantle white ;
And yet, my dear, such was my heat,
When others froze, then did I sweat.

And now, though on the sun I drive,
Whose fervent flame all things decays ;
His beams in brightness may not strive
With light of your sweet golden rays ;
Nor from my breast his heat remove
The frozen thoughts, graven by Love.

He may the waves of the salt flood
Quench that your beauty set on fire ;
For though mine eyes forbear the food,
That did relieve the hot desire ;
Such as I was, such will I be ;
Your own ; what would ye more of me ?

Henry, Earl of Surrey.

LOVE IN A CAGE.

LOVE was a little bird
That sang in a golden cage,
But he won no praise for wage,
For none his singing heard.
Oh shame ! that Love should sing,
And none be hearkening.

His cage was a maiden's heart,
A heart as true as gold,
But when has a maiden told
Of her love that lies apart ?
She loves her love should sing
When none be hearkening.

F. W. Bourdillon.



LOVE AT LAST.

WHO has touched land at last,
After a voyage long ;
When hope of haven had nigh passed,
Without a song ?

Who has come down at last,
From leagues of desert drear,
To the wide blue sea, where the wind blew free,
And felt no cheer ?

Who has been loosed at last
From the bonds of loveless daze,
By a love, at whose rise the darkness flies
Like the sudden sun in the tropic skies,
And gives no praise ?

F. W. Bourdillon.

WHY I LOVE.

WHY doth the stubborn iron prove
So gentle to the magnetic stone?
How know you that the orbs do move—
With music too—since heard of none?
And I will answer why I love.

'Tis not thy virtues, each a star,
Which in thy soul's bright sphere do shine,
Shooting their beauties from afar,
To make each gazer's heart like thine,
Our virtues often meteors are.

And yet these attributes might prove
Fuel enough to enflame desire;
But there was something from above
Shot without reason's guide—this fire
I know, yet know not why I love!

Habington.



SOLILOQUY FROM "DIONE."

MAY no rude wind the rustling branches move;
Breathe soft, ye silent gales, nor wake my Love.
Ye shepherds, piping homeward on the way,
Let not the distant echoes learn your lay;
Strain not, ye nightingales, your warbling throat,
May no loud shake prolong the shriller note,
Lest she awake! O sleep, secure her eyes,
That I may gaze; for if she wake, she flies.
While easy dreams compose her peaceful soul,
What anxious cares within my bosom roll!
If tired with sighs beneath the beech I lie,
And languid slumber close my weeping eye,

Her lovely vision rises to my view,
Swift flies the nymph, and swift would I pursue ;
I strive to call, my tongue has lost its sound ;
Like rooted oaks, my feet benumbed are bound ;
Struggling I wake. Again my sorrows flow,
And not one flattering dream deludes my woe.
What innocence ! how meek is every grace !
How sweet the smile that dimples on her face,
Calm as the sleeping seas ! but should my sighs
Too rudely breathe, what angry storms would rise !
Though the fair rose with beauteous blush is crowned,
Beneath her fragrant leaves the thorn is found ;
The peach, that with inviting crimson blooms,
Deep at the heart the cankering worm consumes ;
'Tis thus, alas ! those lovely features hide
Disdain, and anger, and resentful pride.

John Gay.



ULYSSES AND THE SIREN.

SIREN.

COME, worthy Greek, Ulysses come,
Possess these shores with me,
The winds and seas are troublesome,
And here we may be free.
Here may we sit and view their toil,
That travail in the deep—
Enjoy the day in mirth the while,
And spend the night in sleep.

ULYSSES.

Fair nymph, if fame or honour were
To be attained with ease,

Then would I come and rest with thee,
And leave such toils as these ;
But here it dwells, and here must I
With danger seek it forth ;
To spend the time luxuriously
Becomes not men of worth.

SIREN.

Ulysses, O, be not deceived
With that unreal name ;
This honour is a thing conceived,
And rests on others' fame.
Begotten only to molest
Our peace, and to beguile
(The best thing of our life) our rest,
And give us up to toil !

ULYSSES.

Delicious nymph, suppose there were
Nor honour, nor report,
Yet manliness would scorn to wear
The time in idle sport ;
For toil doth give a better touch,
To make us feel our joy ;
And ease finds tediousness, as much
As labour yields annoy.

SIREN.

Then pleasure likewise seems the shore
Whereto tends all your toil ;
Which you forego to make it more,
And perish oft the while.
Who may disport them diversely,
Find never tedious day ;
And ease may have variety,
As well as action may.

ULYSSES.

But natures of the noblest frame,
These toils and dangers please ;
And they take comfort in the same,
As much as you in ease ;
And with the thought of actions past
Are recreated still :
When pleasure leaves a touch at last,
To show that it was ill.

SIREN.

That doth opinion only cause,
That's out of custom bred ;
Which makes us many other laws
Than ever nature did.
No widows wail for our delights,
Our sports are without blood ;
The world we see by warlike wights
Receives more hurt than good.

ULYSSES.

But yet the state of things require
These motions of unrest,
And these great spirits of high desire
Seem born to turn them best ;
To purge the mischiefs that increase,
And all good order mar ;
For oft we see a wicked peace
To be well changed for war.

SIREN.

Well, well, Ulysses, then I see
I shall not have thee here ;
And therefore I will come to thee,
And take my fortune there.

I must be won, that cannot win,
Yet lost were I not won;
For beauty hath created bin
T' undo, or be undone.

Samuel Daniel.



LOVE'S WILES.

LOVE in my bosom, like a bee,
Doth suck his sweet;
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet.
Within my eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast,
And yet he robs me of my rest—
Ah, wanton, will ye?

And if I sleep, then percheth he
With pretty flight,
And makes his pillow of my knee
The live-long night.
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string,
He music plays if so I sing,
He lends me every lovely thing,
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting—
Whist, wanton, still ye!

Thomas Lodge.



FROM THE WELSH.

IF, while my passion I impart,
You deem my words untrue,
O, place your hand upon my heart—
Feel how it throbs for you.

Ah, no ! reject the thoughtless claim,
In pity to your lover !
That thrilling touch would aid the flame
It wishes to discover.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.



LOVE DYING OF UNKINDNESS.

AWAY, delights ; go, seek some other dwelling,
For I must die ;
Farewell, false love ; thy tongue is ever telling
Lie after lie.
For ever let me rest now from your smarts ;
Alas ! for pity go,
And fire their hearts
That have been hard to thee ; mine was not so.
Never again deluding love shall know me,
For I will die,
And all those griefs that think to overgrow me
Shall be as I ;
For ever will I sleep, while poor maids cry,
" Alas ! for pity stay,
And let us die
With thee ; men cannot mock us in the clay."

Beaumont and Fletcher.



LOVE'S MANY WAYS.

How do I love thee ? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of being and ideal grace.

I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.
I love thee freely, as men strive for right ;
I love thee purely, as they turn from praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints,—I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life !—and if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.



WHEN FIRST I SAW YOUR FACE.
WHEN first I saw your face, I resolved
To honour and renown thee ;
But if I be disdained, I wish
That I had never known thee.
I asked leave, you bade me love,
Is it now time to chide me ?
O, no, no, no ! I love you still,
What fortune e'er betide me !
If I admire or praise you too much,
That fortune might forgive me ;
Or that my hand hath strayed but to touch,
Then might you justly leave me :
But I that liked, and you that loved,
Is now a time to wrangle ?
O, no, no, no ! my heart is fixed,
And will not new entangle.
The sun, whose beams most glorious are,
Rejecteth no beholder ;

Your fair face, past all compare,
Makes my faint heart the bolder.
When beauty likes, and wit delights,
And shows of love do bind me,
There, there ! O there ! wheresoever I go,
I'll leave my heart behind me !
If I have wronged you, tell me wherein,
And I will soon amend it ;
In recompense of such a sin,
Here is my heart, I'll send it.
If that will not your mercy move,
Then for my life I care not ;
Then, O then, torment me still,
And take my life and spare not !

Anonymous.



WORDS OF TRUTH.

THOSE " words of truth," so sweet to maiden's ear,
When they but seem the echoes of her heart,
Aroused to music by the voice of love ;
Those words of truth, which, like a magic glass,
Reflects herself transfigured by its charm
Into ethereal beauty, holy, pure,
Idealised as sometimes in bright dreams
She had conceived it possible to be.

William Alfred Gibbs.



A DIVINE MISTRESS.

IN Nature's pieces still I see
Some error that might mended be ;
Something my wish could still remove,
Alter, or add ; but my fair love

Was framed by hands far more divine ;
For she hath every beauteous line :
Yet I had been far happier,
Had Nature, that made me, made her ;
Then likeness might, that love creates,
Have made her love what now she hates :
Yet I confess I cannot spare
From her just shape the smallest hair,
Nor need I beg from all the store
Of heaven for her one beauty more :
She hath too much divinity for me—
You gods ! teach her some more humanity.

Thomas Carew.



LOVE'S OFFERING.

FAIN would I give thee, dear, some token rare,
Or of pure gold, or costly glittering gem,
Less frail than this white flower, sweet and fair,
With drooping stem.

And yet I know not what could be more meet
(For lilies symbolise the pure in heart)
Than to lay down its blossoms at thy feet
Before we part.

For as the lilies float upon the stream,
Their yellow eyes wide open to the light ;
And as their folded petals softly seem
To sleep at night ;

So my heart floats upon love's troubled tide,
Basking in sunshine, drooping in the shade ;
Oh ! wouldst thou wear it thine own heart beside,
Its bliss were made.

A. Gaskell.

VANISHED JOYS.

SINCE from my dear Astrea's sight
I was so rudely torn,
My soul has never known delight,
Unless it was to mourn.
But oh, alas! with weeping eyes
And bleeding heart I lie ;
Thinking on her whose absence 'tis
That makes me wish to die.

Anonymous.



LYING AT HER FEET.

THIS posture, and these tears, that Heaven might
In vain I use in favour of my love : [move,
And while thus prostrate at her feet I lie,
Like some fair rock she stands, that, tow'ring high,
Seems deaf to those sad murmurs, which, below,
The plaintive waters utter as they flow.

Anonymous.



O WERE MY LOVE.

O WERE my love yon lilac fair,
Wi' purple blossoms to the Spring ;
And I a bird to shelter there,
When wearied on my little wing :

How I wad mourn, when it was torn
By Autumn wild and Winter rude !
But I wad sing on wanton wing,
When youthfu' May its bloom renewed.

O gin my love were yon red rose
 That grows upon the castle wa',
 And I mysel' a drap o' dew,
 Into her bonnie breast to fa' !
 Oh ! there beyond expression blest,
 I 'd feast on beauty a' the night ;
 Sealed on her silk-saft faulds to rest,
 Till fleyed awa' by Phœbus' light.

Burns.

AN APOLOGY FOR HAVING LOVED BEFORE.

THEY that never had the use
 Of the grape's surprising juice,
 To the first delicious cup
 All their reason render up ;
 Neither do nor care to know
 Whether it be best or no.

So they that are to love inclined,
 Swayed by chance, not choice or art,
 To the first that 's fair or kind
 Make a present of their heart :
 It is not she that first we love,
 But whom, dying, we approve.

To man, that is in th' ev'ning made,
 Stars gave the first delight,
 Admiring, in the gloomy shade,
 Those little drops of light :
 Then at Aurora, whose fair hand
 Removed them from the skies,
 He gazing towards the east did stand,
 She entertained his eyes.

But when the bright sun did appear,
All these he 'gan despise ;
His wonder was determined there,
And could no higher rise.
He neither might nor wished to know
A more refulgent light :
For that (as mine your beauties now)
Employed his utmost sight.

Edmund Waller.



TO ELLEN.

OH ! might I kiss those eyes of fire,
A million scarce would quench desire ;
Still would I steep my lips in bliss,
And dwell an age on every kiss ;
Nor then my soul should sated be,
Still would I kiss and cling to thee ;
Naught should my kiss from thine dis sever,
Still would we kiss, and kiss for ever ;
E'en though the number did exceed
The yellow harvest's countless seed ;
To part would be a vain endeavour.
Could I desist ?—ah ! never—never.

Byron.



AS FAIR ART THOU.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in love am I ;
And I will love thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt with the sun ;
I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

Burns.



TO HIS VALENTINE.

MY lips I 'll softly lay
Upon her heavenly cheek,
Dyed like the dawning day,
As polished ivory sleek ;
And in her ear I 'll say,
" O thou bright morning star !
'Tis I that come so far,
My valentine to seek."

Each little bird, this tide,
Doth choose her lovèd peer,
Which constantly abide
In wedlock all the year,
As nature is their guide ;
So may we two be true
This year, nor change for new,
As turtles coupled were.

Let's laugh at them that choose
Their valentines by lot ;
To wear their names that use,
Whom idly they have got.
Such poor choice we refuse,
Saint Valentine befriend ;
We thus this morn may spend,
Else, muse, awake her not.

Drayton.

SHIPWRECK.

IN vain you tell your parting lover,
You wish fair winds may waft him over.
Alas, what winds can happy prove,
That bear me far from what I love?
Alas, what dangers on the main
Can equal those that I sustain
From slighted vows and cold disdain?
Be gentle, and in pity choose
To wish the wildest tempest loose;
That, thrown again upon the coast
Where first my shipwrecked heart was lost,
I may once more repeat my pain,
Once more in dying notes complain
Of slighted vows and cold disdain.

*Anonymous.*

FAIR, KIND, AND TRUE.

LET not my love be called idolatry,
Nor my beloved as an idle show,
Since all alike my songs and praises be
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence;
Therefore my verse to constancy confined,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
"Fair, kind, and true" is all my argument,
"Fair, kind, and true" varying to other words;
And in this change is my invention spent,
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.
"Fair, kind, and true" have often lived alone,
Which three till now never kept seat in one.

Shakspeare.

VALENTINE.

WITHERED the summer flowers,
Dreary the winter hours ;
Only the Robin said,
Shaking his tiny head
Over a small repast,
"Sunshine will come at last !"

Sweet now the Robin's voice,
Bidding my heart rejoice ;
Sweeter the violet's breath,
Telling of Winter's death ;
Sweetest of all to me
Thoughts of my love to thee !

Cecilia Findlay.



FIRST ADVENT OF LOVE.

O FAIR is Love's first hope to gentle mind !
As Eve's first star thro' fleecy cloudlet peeping ;
And sweeter than the gentle south-west wind,
O'er willowy meads and shadowed waters creeping,
And Ceres' golden fields ;—the sultry hind
Meets it with brow uplift, and stays his reaping.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.



CUPID AND CAMPASPE.

CUPID and my Campaspe played
At cards for kisses ; Cupid paid :
He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows,
His mother's doves, and team of sparrows ;
Loses them too ; then down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose

Growing on 's cheek (but none knows how),
With these, the crystal of his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin :
All these did my Campaspe win.
At last he set her both his eyes,
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.

O Love ! has she done this to thee ?
What shall, alas ! become of me ?

John Lyly.



OF LOVE: A SONNET.

How love came in, I do not know,
Whether by th' eye, or ear, or no ;
Or whether with the soul it came,
At first, infused with the same ;
Whether in part 'tis here or there,
Or, like the soul, whole everywhere.
This troubles me ; but I, as well
As any other, this can tell,
That when from hence she does depart,
The outlet then is from the heart.

Robert Herrick.



WOMAN'S LOVE.

How sweet the love of woman,—when Distress
And fierce Disaster, like two caitiff knights,
Take us un'wares and strike us to our knees !
Thy gentle voice so softly musical,
The dove-like eyes still smiling thro' their tears,
The tender hand smoothing the fever'd brow,

And soothing with its cool and silken touch
 The throbbing pulses and the o'erstrained nerve !
 Oh ! such a love is like the sweet, cool breeze
 Of summer evening after sultry heats, [glare,
 Through which, half-maddened by the ceaseless
 We yet have fought our battles out like men ;
 Or like a fountain in a dried-up land
 Wherein we long have wandered parched with thirst ;
 Or like the first glimpse of a lovely isle
 To shipwrecked mariners when spent with toil ;
 Or like a breath from Heav'n, in mercy sent,
 To lift our fainting spirits from the dust !

W. A. Gibbs.



LOVE STORIES.

WHEN summer days are ending,
 And swallows fly away,
 And all the flowers are fading,
 And shorter grows the day,
 Then 'neath the corn-heaps seated,
 Gold stubble at our feet,
 I'll read you olden legends,
 Love-stories sad and sweet.
 We there perchance may find one
 That's something like our own ;
 And yet as bright a one as ours
 Was surely never known.
 Time, envious of its beauty,
 Shortens the summer day ;
 But the moon and stars shine longer
 When the shadows fly away.

Julia Goddard.



MARCUS WARD & CO.

A BALLAD.

WHEN summer leaves were green and wide,
And sultry was the weather,
Home went two lovers side by side,
From raking hay together ;
And he might plead and sue his fill,
But she said naught—yet listened still.

And when the woods were bleak and bare,
And skies were grey and freezing,
Still came no answer to his prayer,
Nor to his trouble easing ;
And he must mourn his heavy fate,
Who sought in vain his fancied mate.

Come, own my love and constant truth !
You not so sore have tried me,
Yet let the crowning of our youth
No longer be denied me ;
So coming spring shall garlands twine
To deck my dainty Valentine.

B. Montgomerie Ranking.



THE WARNING.

YE happy swains, whose hearts are free
From Love's imperial chain,
Take warning, and be taught by me,
T' avoid the enchanting pain.
Fatal the wolves to trembling flocks,
Fierce winds to blossoms prove,
To careless seamen hidden rocks,
To human quiet Love.

Fly the fair sex, if bliss you prize,
 'The snake 's beneath the flower ;
 Who ever gazed on beauteous eyes,
 That tasted quiet more ?
 How faithless is the lover's joy !
 How constant is their care !
 The kind with falsehood do destroy,
 The cruel with despair.

Sir George Etherege.



TO HIS LOVER, TO LOOK UPON HIM.

ALL in thy look my life doth whole depend,
 'Thou hid'st thyself, and I must die therefore ;
 But since thou may'st so easily help thy friend,
 Why dost thou stick to salve that thou mad'st sore ?
 Why do I die, since thou may'st me defend ?
 And if I die, thy life may last no more ;
 For each by other doth live and have relief,
 I in thy look, and thou most in my grief.

Sir Thomas Wyatt.



THE WOUNDED CUPID.

CUPID, as he lay among
 Roses, by a bee was stung ;
 Whereupon in anger flying
 To his mother, said thus, crying,
 " Help ! O help ! your boy's a-dying."
 " And why, my pretty lad ?" said she.
 Then blubbering, replièd he,
 " A wingèd snake has bitten me,
 Which country people call a bee."

At which she smiled, then with her hairs
And kisses, drying up his tears,
"Alas!" said she, "my wag, if this
Such a pernicious torment is;
Come, tell me then how great 's the smart
Of those thou woundest with thy dart?"

Robert Herrick.



LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

OH, the days are gone when Beauty bright
My heart's chain wove;
When my dream of life, from morn till night,
Was love, still love!
New hope may bloom,
And days may come,
Of milder, calmer beam;
But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As Love's young dream!
No, there's nothing half so sweet in life
As Love's young dream.

Though the bard to purer fame may soar,
When wild youth's past;
Though he win the wise, who frown'd before,
To smile at last;
He'll never meet
A joy so sweet
In all his noon of fame,
As when first he sung to woman's ear
His soul-felt flame,
And at every close she blush'd to hear
The one lov'd name!

No ! that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot,
Which first love traced ;
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste !
'Twas odour fled
As soon as shed ;
'Twas morning's wingèd dream ;
'Twas light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream !
Oh ! 'twas a light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream.

Thomas Moore.



SILENT LOVE.

SHALL I tell you to-day, fair lady,
Of Cupid and Cupid's darts ;
Of his fatal skill as an archer,
Of arrows and piercèd hearts ?
Ah, lady ! such words may be fitting
For those that are half in play,
Not if one is all in earnest,
As earnest as I to-day.
For of this I am sure, if ever
A feeling is deep and true,
E'en silence itself may be golden,
And words are apt to be few.
So not many are these I send you,
Altho' 'tis Valentine's Day ;
For when I have said that I love you,
Dearest, what more can I say ?

G. P. Meade.

THE POSY.

HERE are roses soft and pink,
Here are roses red and bright ;
Here are tender buds that shrink,
Shunning bashfully the light.

Here are leaves of freshest green,
Here a leaf of deeper hue ;
And if thorns should lurk unseen,
Think ! they are not meant for you.

Darling, take this posy fair,—
Nature's gift of love divine,—
All my hopes are centred there :
Keep it, 'tis my Valentine.

Edgar Berrie.



MY LADY SLEEPS.

STARS of the summer night !
Far in yon azure deeps,
Hide, hide your golden light !
She sleeps !—My Lady sleeps !

Moon of the summer night !
Far down yon western steeps,
Sink, sink in silver light !
She sleeps !—My Lady sleeps !

Wind of the summer night !
Where yonder woodbine creeps,
Fold, fold thy pinions light !
She sleeps !—My Lady sleeps !

Dreams of the summer night !
 Tell her her lover keeps
 Watch, while in slumbers light
 She sleeps !—My Lady sleeps !

H. W. Longfellow.



SONNET TO MY VALENTINE.

SHALL I compare thee to a summer's day?
 Thou art more lovely and more temperate :
 Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
 And Summer's lease hath all too short a date.

Sometime too hot the eye of Heaven shines,
 And often is his gold complexion dimmed :
 And every fair from fair sometime declines,
 By chance, or nature's changing course untrimmed.

But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
 Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest ;
 Nor shall death brag thou wanderest in his shade,
 When in eternal lines to time thou growest.

So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
 So long lives this, and this gives life to me.

Shakspeare.



LOVE UNCHANGING.

I CANNOT change, as others do,
 Though you unjustly storm ;
 Since the poor swain that sighs for you,
 For you alone was born.

No, Phillis, no ; your heart to move
A surer way I'll try ;
And to revenge my slighted love,
Will still live on, will still live on, and die.
When killed with grief Amyntas lies,
And you to mind shall call
The sighs that now unpitied rise,
The tears that warmly fall ;
That welcome hour that ends his smart
Will then begin your pain ;
For such a faithful, tender heart,
Can never break, can never break in vain.
John, Earl of Rochester.



TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON.

WHEN Love, with unconfined wings,
Hovers within my grates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at my gates ;
When I lie tangled in her hair
And fettered with her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air
Enjoy such liberty.

When, linnet-like confined, I
With shriller note shall sing
The mercy, goodness, majesty,
And glory of my king ;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
The enlarged winds that curl the flood
Enjoy such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With woe-allaying themes,
Our careless heads with roses crowned,
Our hearts with loyal flames ;
When thirsty souls in wine we steep,
When cups and bowls go free,
Fishes that tipple in the deep
Enjoy such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage,
The spotless soul and innocent
Calls this an hermitage.
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone that soar above
Enjoy such liberty !

Richard Lovelace.



THE MOWER TO THE GLOW-WORMS.

YE living lamps, by whose dear light
The nightingale does sit so late,
And studying all the summer night,
Her matchless songs does meditate ;

Ye country comets, that portend
No war, nor prince's funeral,
Shining unto no higher end
Than to presage the grass's fall ;

Ye glow-worms, whose officious flame
To wandering mowers shows the way,
That in the night have lost their aim,
And after foolish fires do stray ;

Your courteous lights in vain you waste,
Since Juliana here is come,
For she my mind hath so displaced
That I shall never find my home.

Andrew Marvell.



K I S S E S .

CUPID, if storying legends tell aright,
Once framed a rich elixir of delight.
A chalice o'er love-kindled flames he fixed,
And in it nectar and ambrosia mixed :
With these the magic dew, which evening brings,
Brushed from the Idalian star by faëry wings :
Each tender pledge of sacred Faith he joined,
Each gentler pleasure of the unspotted mind—
Day-dreams, whose tints with sportive brightness
glow,
And Hope, the blameless parasite of woe.
The eyeless chemist heard the process rise,
The steamy chalice bubbled up in sighs ;
Sweet sounds transpired, as when the enamoured
dove
Pours the soft murmuring of responsive Love.
The finished work might envy vainly blame,
And "Kisses" was the precious compound's name.
With half the god his Cyprian mother blest,
And breathed on Sara's lovelier lips the rest.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.



APPLE BLOSSOMS.

IN the young year, when through the cloudless mind
But light dreams float, and blossoms strew the
ground,

Among mossed apple-trees a trunk I found,
And carved a name I knew across the rind.
Then in the pink, soft, settling drift reclined,
I slept, and dreamed that she my heart had crowned
E'en then must pass throughout this orchard, bound
On errand slight, or purpose scarce defined.
And (in my dream) meseemed my lady meek
Did come, in truth, and read the deep-cut name ;
And dearer grew her eyes, and in her cheek
The sweet blood fluttered like a little flame.
There in a shower of bloom, I woke to speak,
And, lo ! my love suffused in gentle shame.

Austin Dobson.



LOVE'S INFINITENESS.

IF yet I have not all thy love—
Dear, I shall never have it all—
I cannot breathe one other sigh to move,
Nor can entreat one other tear to fall.
And all my treasure, which should purchase thee,
Sighs, tears, and oaths, and letters, I have spent.
Yet no more can be due to me,
Than at the bargain made was meant :
If then thy gift of love were partial,
That some to me, some should to others fall,
Dear, I shall never have thee all.

Or, if then thou gavest me all,
All, was but all, which thou hadst then,
But if in thy heart, since, there be or shall
New love created be, by other men,
Which have their stocks entire, and can in tears,
In sighs, in oaths, and letters outbid me,
This new love may beget new fears,
For this love was not vowed by thee,
And yet it was, thy gift being general ;
The ground, thy heart, is mine ; whatever shall
 Grow there, dear, I should have it all.
Yet I would not have all yet,
He that hath all can have no more,
And since my love doth every day admit
New growth, thou shouldst have new rewards in
 store ;
Thou canst not every day give me thy heart,
If thou canst give it, then thou never gavest it :
Love's riddles are, that though thy heart depart,
It stays at home, and thou with losing savest it ;
But we will have a way more liberal,
Then changing hearts, to join them, so we shall
 Be one, and one another's All.

Dr. Donne.



THE SPRING.

THOUGH you be absent here, I needs must say
The trees as beauteous are, and flowers as gay
 As ever they were wont to be ;
 Nay, the birds' rural music too
Is as melodious and free,
 As if they sung to pleasure you :

I saw a rose-bud ope this morn ; I'll swear
The blushing morning opened not more fair.

How could it be so fair, and you away?
How could the trees be beauteous, flowers so gay?

Could they remember but last year,
How you did them, they you, delight,
The sprouting leaves which saw you here,
And called their fellows to the sight,

Would, looking round for the same sight in vain,
Creep back into their silent barks again.

Where'er you walked, trees were as reverent made,
As when of old gods dwelt in every shade.

Is't possible they should know
What loss of honour they sustain,
That thus they smile and flourish now,
And still their former pride retain?

Dull creatures ! 'tis not without cause that she,
Who fled the god of wit, was made a tree.

In ancient times sure they much wiser were,
When they rejoiced the Thracian verse to hear ;

In vain did nature bid them stay,
When Orpheus had his song begun,
They called their wondering roots away,
And bade them silent to him run.

How would those learned trees have followed you?
You would have drawn them, and their poet too.

But who can blame them now? for since you're gone,
They're here the only fair, and shine alone.

You did their natural rights invade ;
Wherever you did walk or sit,
The thickest boughs could make no shade,
Although the sun had granted it :

The fairest flower could please no more, near you,
Than painted flowers set next to them could do.

Whene'er, then, you come hither, that shall be
The time, which this to others is, to me.

The little joys which here are now,
The name of punishments do bear ;
When by their sight they let us know
How we deprived of greater are.

'Tis you the best of seasons with you bring ;
This is for beasts, and that for men the Spring.

Abraham Cowley.



SIMILITUDES.

LOVE is like a lily, wet,
And shining with the dew ;
Love is like a violet,
Hiding modestly from view.

Love is like an oak-tree, proud
In a strength that fears no foe ;
Love is like a willow, bowed,
Weeping in the stream below.

Love is like a zephyr, wooed
With many a soft caress ;
Love is like the tempest, rude,
Cruel, fierce, and pitiless.

Yet, to all things love may be
Likened in the world so wide,
Love is like, it seems to me,
Nothing in the world beside.

Edgar Berrie.

WHEN THE KYE COMES HAME.

COME all ye jolly shepherds,
That whistle through the glen,
I'll tell ye of a secret
That courtiers dinna ken :
What is the greatest bliss
That the tongue o' man can name ?
'Tis to woo a bonnie lassie
When the kye comes hame.

When the kye comes hame,
When the kye comes hame,
'Tween the gloamin' an' the mirk
When the kye comes hame.

'Tis not beneath the coronet,
Nor canopy of state,
'Tis not on couch of velvet,
Nor arbour of the great :
'Tis beneath the spreadin' birk,
In the glen without the name,
Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lassie
When the kye comes hame.

There the blackbird bigs his nest
For the mate he lo'es to see,
And, on the topmost bough,
Oh, a happy bird is he ;
Where he pours his melting ditty,
And love is a' the theme,
And he'll woo his bonnie lassie
When the kye comes hame.

When the blewart bears a pearl,
And the daisy turns a pea,
And the bonnie lucken gowan
Has fauldit up her e'e;
Then the laverock frae the blue lift
Droops down, an' thinks nae shame
To woo his bonnie lassie
When the kye comes hame.

See yonder pawkie shepherd,
That lingers on the hill,
His ewes are in the fauld,
An' the lambs are lying still;
Yet he downa gang to bed,
For his heart is in a flame
To meet his bonnie lassie
When the kye comes hame.

When the little wee bit heart
Rises high in the breast,
An' the little wee bit starn
Rises red in the east,
Oh, there's a joy sae dear,
That the heart can hardly frame,
Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lassie
When the kye comes hame.

Then since all Nature joins
In this love without alloy,
Oh, wha would prove a traitor
To Nature's dearest joy?
Or wha would choose a crown,
Wi' its perils and its fame,
And miss his bonnie lassie
When the kye comes hame?

James Hogg.

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

THE fountains mingle with the river,
And the rivers with the ocean ;
The winds of heaven mix for ever
With a sweet emotion.
Nothing in the world is single,
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle—
Why not I with thine?
See the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another ;
No sister-flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother.
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea,—
What are all their kissings worth,
If thou kiss not me?

P. B. Shelley.

—o—

SONNET LXXXI.

FAIR is my Love, when her fair golden hairs
With the loose wind ye waving chance to mark ;
Fair, when the rose in her red cheeks appears,
Or in her eyes the fire of love does spark.
Fair, when her breast, like a rich laden bark,
With precious merchandise, she forth doth lay ;
Fair, when that cloud of pride, which oft doth dark
Her goodly light, with smiles she drives away.
But fairest she, whenso she doth display
The gate with pearls and rubies richly dight,
Through which her words so wise do make their way
To bear the message of her gentle sprite.

The rest be works of Nature's wonderment ;
But this the work of heart's astonishment.

Spenser.



TO HIS JEALOUS MISTRESS.

ADMIT, thou darling of mine eyes,
I have some idol lately framed,
That under such a false disguise,
Our true loves might the less be famed.
Canst thou that know'st my heart suppose
I'll fall from thee and worship those?

Remember, dear, how loth and slow
I was to cast a look or smile,
Or one love-line to misbestow,
Till thou hadst changed both face and style ;
And art thou grown afraid to see
That mask put on thou mad'st for me?

I dare not call those childish fears,
Coming from love, much less from thee,
But wash away, with frequent tears,
This counterfeit idolatry,
And henceforth kneel at ne'er a shrine,
To blind the world, but only thine.

Thomas Carew.



BRIDAL SONG FROM "THE TWO NOBLE
KINSMEN."

ROSES, their sharp spines being gone,
Not royal in their smells alone,
But in their hue,

Maiden-Pinks, of odour faint,
Daisies smell-less, yet most quaint,
And sweet thyme true.

Primrose, first born child of Ver,
Merry Springtime's Harbinger,
With her bells dim.
Oxlips in their cradles growing,
Marigolds on death-beds blowing,
Lark's-heels trim.

All dear Nature's children sweet,
Lie fore Bride and Bridegroom's feet,
Blessing their sense.
Not an Angel of the Air,
Bird melodious, or Bird fair,
Is absent hence.

The Crow, the slanderous Cuckoo, nor
The boding Raven, nor Chough hoar,
Nor chatt'ring Pie,
May on our Bridehouse perch or sing,
Or with them any discord bring,
But from it fly.

Shakspeare and Fletcher.



THE TIME OF THE MARRIAGE.

THOU art reprieved, old year, thou shalt not die,
Though thou upon thy death-bed lie,
And should'st within five days expire,
Yet art thou rescued by a mightier fire,
Than thy old soul, the sun,
When he doth in his largest circle run.

The passage of the west or east would thaw,
And open wide their easy liquid jaw
To all our ships, could a Promethean art
Either unto the Northern Pole impart
The fire of these inflaming eyes, or of this loving
heart.

Dr. Donne.



THE CHANGE.

LOVE in her sunny eyes does basking play ;
Love walks the pleasant mazes of her hair ;
Love doth on both her lips for every stray ;
And sows and reaps a thousand kisses there.
In all her outward parts Love's always seen ;
But, oh, he never went within.

Within Love's face his greatest foes abide,
Malice, inconstancy, and pride.
So the earth's face, trees, herbs, and flowers do dress,
With other beauties numberless :
But at the centre, darkness is, and hell ;
There wicked spirits, and there the damnèd dwell.

With me, alas, quite contrary it fares ;
Darkness and death lies in my weeping eyes,
Despair and paleness in my face appears,
And grief and fear, Love's greatest enemies ;
But like the Persian tyrant, Love within
Keeps his proud court, and ne'er is seen.

Oh, take my heart, and by that means you'll prove
Within too stored enough of Love :
Give me but yours, I'll by that change so thrive,
That Love in all my parts shall live.

So powerful is this change, it render can
My outside woman, and your inside man.

Abraham Cowley.



MY SOLE AMBITION.

HIGH state and honours to others impart,
But give me your heart :
That treasure, that treasure alone
I beg for my own.
So gentle a love, so fervent a fire
My soul does inspire :
That treasure, that treasure alone
I beg for my own.

Your love let me crave,
Give me in possessing
So matchless a blessing,
That Empire is all I would have.

Love's my petition,
All my ambition ;
If e'er you discover
So faithful a lover,
So real a flame,
I'll die, I'll die,
So give up my game.

John Dryden.



CAN I FORGET THEE?

FORGET thee? If to dream by night, and muse on
thee by day,
If all the worship deep and wild a poet's heart can
pay,

If prayers in absence breathed for thee to Heaven's
protecting power,
If wingèd thoughts that flit to thee, a thousand in an
hour,
If busy Fancy blending thee with all my future lot—
If this thou call'st "forgetting," thou, indeed, shalt
be forgot!

Forget thee? Bid the forest birds forget their
sweetest tune.
Forget thee? Bid the sea forget to swell beneath
the moon;
Bid the thirsty flowers forget to drink the eve's
refreshing dew;
Thyself forget thine own "dear land," and its
"mountains wild and blue;"
Forget each old familiar face, each long-remembered
spot—
When these things are forgot by thee, then thou
shalt be forgot!

Keep, if thou wilt, thy maiden peace, still calm and
fancy-free,
For God forbid thy gladsome heart should grow less
glad for me;
Yet, while that heart is still unwon, oh! bid not
mine to rove,
But let it nurse its humble faith and uncomplaining
love—
If these, preserved for patient years, at last avail me
not,
Forget me then; but ne'er believe that thou canst be
forgot!

Moultrie.

SPEED THE HOUR!

DAISIES are the eyes of earth,
And the eye of heaven
Is the moon, that spies our mirth,
When the promise given
Makes two blithe hearts dance as one,
Warm as under noonday sun.

Love, the brightness of thine eyes
Tricks the simple flowers,
For they deem that day doth rise,
And each bud that cowers
In the darkness, lifts its head,
Wondering whence such beams are shed.

Pale with envy grows the moon,
But a month of sweetness
She shall bless, all golden soon
When in Love's completeness
On thy hand my ring doth shine :
Speed the hour, sweet Valentine!
B. Montgomerie Ranking.



A HUE-AND-CRY AFTER CUPID.

BEAUTIES, have ye seen a toy
Callèd Love, a little boy,
Almost naked, wanton, blind,
Cruel now, and then as kind?
If he be amongst ye, say ;
He is Venus' runaway.

She that will but now discover
Where the wingèd wag doth hover,
Shall to-night receive a kiss,
How and where herself would wish ;
But who brings him to his mother
Shall have that kiss, and another.

Marks he hath about him plenty ;
You may know him among twenty ;
All his body is a fire,
And his breath a flame entire ;
Which, being shot, like lightning, in,
Wounds the heart, but not the skin.

Wings he hath, which, though ye clip,
He will leap from lip to lip,
Over liver, lights, and heart,
Yet not stay in any part.
And, if chance his arrow misses,
He will shoot himself in kisses.

He doth bear a golden bow,
And a quiver hanging low,
Full of arrows, which outbrave
Dian's shafts ; where, if he have
Any head more sharp than other,
With that first he strikes his mother.

Still the fairest are his fuel,
When his days are to be cruel ;
Lovers' hearts are all his food,
And his baths their warmest blood :
Naught but wounds his hand doth season,
And he hates none like to reason.

Trust him not : his words, though sweet,
 Seldom with his heart do meet ;
 All his practice is deceit ;
 Every gift is but a bait :
 Not a kiss but poison bears ;
 And most treason 's in his tears.

Idle minutes are his reign ;
 Then the straggler makes his gain,
 By presenting maids with toys,
 And would have ye think them joys ;
 'Tis the ambition of the elf
 To have all childish as himself.

If by these ye please to know him,
 Beauties, be not nice, but show him.
 Though ye had a will to hide him,
 Now, we hope, ye'll not abide him,
 Since ye hear this falser's play,
 And that he is Venus' runaway.

Ben Jonson.



SONNET XV.

(From the Portuguese of Camoens.)

I SANG of love—and in so sweet a strain,
 That hearts most hard were softened at the sound,
 And blushing girls, who gaily thronged around,
 Felt their souls tingle with delightful pain,
 For quaintly did my chanted songs explain
 Those little secrets that in love abound—
 Life in a kiss, and death in absence found—
 Feigned anger—slow consent—and coy disdain,
 And hardihood, at length with conquest crowned.
 Yet did I not with these rude lips proclaim

From whom my song such sweet instructions drew,
Too weak, alas ! to pour the praises due
From youthful gratitude, to grace the name
Of her who kindly taught me all she knew !
Lord Strangford.



SONG : TO CELIA.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine ;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst, that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine :
But might I of Jove's nectar sip,
I would not change for thine .
I sent thee, late, a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon did'st only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me :
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

Ben Jonson.



AT PARTING.

WEEP not, my dear, for I shall go
Laden enough with my own woe ;
Add not thy heaviness to mine ;
Since fate our pleasures must disjoin,

Why should our sorrows meet ? if I
 Must go, and lose thy company,
 I wish not theirs ; it shall relieve
 My grief, to think thou dost not grieve.
 Yet grieve and weep, that I may bear
 Every sigh and every tear
 Away with me, so shall thy breast
 And eyes discharged, enjoy their rest :
 And it will glad my heart to see,
 Thou wert thus loth to part with me.

Thomas Carew.

—o—

OH ! DINNA ASK ME.

Oh ! dinna ask me gin I lo'e thee ;
 Troth I daurna tell ;
 Dinna ask me gin I lo'e thee ;
 Ask it o' yoursel'.

Oh ! dinna look sae sair at me,
 For weel ye ken me true ;
 Oh, gin ye look sae sair at me,
 I daurna look at you.

When ye gang to yon braw, braw town,
 And bonnier lassies see,
 Oh, dinna, Jamie, look at them,
 Lest you should mind na me.

For I could never bide the lass
 That ye'd lo'e mair than me ;
 And, oh, I'm sure, my heart would break
 Gin ye'd prove false to me.

Dunlop.

THE BROKEN FLOWER.

OH ! wear it on thy heart, my love,
Still, still a little while ;
Sweetness is lingering in its leaves,
Though faded be their smile.
Yet, for the sake of what hath been,
Oh ! cast it not away ;
'Twas born to grace a summer scene,
A long, bright, golden day,
My love,
A long, bright, golden day !

A little while around thee, love,
Its fragrance yet shall cling,
Telling that on thy heart hath lain
A fair though faded thing.
But not even that warm heart hath power
To win it back from fate :
Oh ! I am like thy broken flower,
Cherished too late, too late,
My love,
Cherished, alas ! too late.

Mrs. Hemans.



LOVERS' FORTITUDE.

TRUE he it said, whatever man it said,
That love with gall and honey doth abound ;
But if the one be with the other weighed,
For every dram of honey therein found
A pound of gall doth over it redound ;
That I too true by trial have approved ;
For since the day that first with deadly wound

My heart was lanced, and learnèd to have loved,
I never joyèd hour, but still with care was moved.

And yet such grace is given them from above,
That all the cares and evils which they meet
May naught at all their settled minds remove,
But seem, 'gainst common sense, to them most sweet;
As boasting in their martyrdom unmeet.
So all that ever yet I have endured
I count as naught, and tread down under feet,
Since of my love at length I rest assured
That to disloyalty she will not be allured.

Spenser.



YOUNG LOVE.

WHEN skies are bright,
And hearts are light,
We wander forth, my love and I,
By golden sheaves
And autumn leaves,
Which round our footpath scattered lie.
My love is fair,
With auburn hair,
And radiant is her downcast eye;
Her head is low,
Her step is slow,
Her tender bosom heaves a sigh.
As she doth pass,
The bending grass
Uprears again its drooping head;
The flowers caress
Her dainty dress,
And seem to court her airy tread.

And she is mine,
My Valentine!
Through all the seasons as they roll ;
In winter's night
Or summer's light
She's mine, in heart, and hand, and soul !
A. Gaskell.



TO ANTHEA,
WHO MAY COMMAND HIM ANYTHING.

BID me to live, and I will live
Thy protestant to be ;
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free
As in the whole world thou can'st find—
That heart I'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay
To honour thy decree ;
Or bid it languish quite away,
And 't shall do so for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep
While I have eyes to see ;
And having none, yet I will keep
A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despair, and I'll despair,
Under that cypress tree ;
Or bid me die, and I will dare
E'en death to die for thee.

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me,
And hast command of every part
To live and die for thee.

R. Herrick.



NEW IDOLATRY.

No more will I my passion hide,
Tho' too presuming it appear,
When long despair a heart has tried,
What other torment can it fear?
Unlov'd of her I would not live,
Nor die till she the sentence give.
Why should the fair offended be,
If virtue charm in beauty's dress;
If where so much divine I see,
My open vows the saint confess?
Awaked by wonders in her eyes,
My former idols I despise.

Anonymous.



TRUE BEAUTY.

HE that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.
But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires.

Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

Thomas Carew.



A NYMPH'S PASSION.

I LOVE, and he loves me again,
Yet dare I not tell who,
For if the Nymphs should know my swain,
I fear they 'd love him too ;
Yet if it be not known,
The pleasure is as good as none,
For that 's a narrow joy is but our own.
I'll tell, that if they be not glad,
They yet may envy me :
But then if I grow jealous mad,
And of them pitied be,
It were a plague 'bove scorn,
And yet it cannot be forborn,
Unless my heart would as my thought be torn.
He is, if they can find him, fair,
And fresh and fragrant too,
As summer's sky, or purgèd air,
And looks as lilies do,
That are this morning blown,
And fear much more, that more of him beshown.
But he hath eyes so round and bright,
As make away my doubt,
Where Love may all his torches light,
Though hate had put them out :
But then, t' increase my fears,
What Nymph soe'er his voice but hears,
Will be my rival, though she have but ears.

I'll tell no more, and yet I love,
 And he loves me ; yet no
 One unbecoming thought doth move
 From either heart, I know ;
 But so exempt from blame,
 As it would be to each a fame :
 If Love, or fear, would let me tell his name.
Ben Jonson.

—o—

YOU SAY I LOVE NOT.

You say I love not, 'cause I do not play
 Still with your curls, and kiss the time away ;
 You blame me, too, because I can't devise
 Some sport, to please those babies in your eyes :
 By Love's religion, I must here confess it,
 The most I love, when I the least express it !
 Small griefs find tongues ; full casks are ever found
 To give, if any, yet but little sound ;
 Deep waters noiseless are ; and this we know,
 That chiding streams betray small depths below ;
 So when Love speechless is, she doth express
 A depth in love, and that depth bottomless.
 Now since my love is tongueless, know me such,
 Who speak but little, 'cause I love so much.
Robert Herrick.

—o—

TO IÑES.

(From the Portuguese of Camoens.)

DEAR Iñes, wouldst thou but believe
 A heart that knows not to deceive
 (Alas ! nor longer free),

That faithful heart should truly tell
The secret charm, the tender spell,
That bound it first to thee.

'Tis not that, cradled in thine eyes,
The baby Love for ever lies
On couches dipped in dew ;
'Tis not because those eyes have won
Their tempered light from April's sun,
From Heaven their tints of blue !

'Tis not that o'er a bank of snow
Thy parted tresses lightly flow
In waves of lucid gold ;
Nor yet because the hand of grace
Has formed that dear enchanting face
In beauty's happier mould !

It was not these—but from my soul,
It was a little smile that stole
The cherished sweets of rest ;
And ever since, from dawn to night,
And night to dawn, it haunts my sight
In dimples gaily dressed.

E'en now by fancy's eyes are seen
The polished rows that break between
Two lips that breathe of May ;
E'en now—but oh, by passion taught,
Young fancy forms too bold a thought
For timorous Love to say !

Yet, Iñes, wouldst thou but believe
A heart that knows not to deceive
(Alas ! nor longer free),
'Twould tell thee, thou canst ne'er impart
A smile of thine to soothe a heart
More truly bound to thee !

Lord Strangford.

THE LOVER PRAISETH THE BEAUTY OF
HIS LADY'S HAND.

O GOODLY hand,
Wherein doth stand
My heart distract in pain :
Dear hand, alas !
In little space
My life thou dost restrain.
O fingers slight,
Departed right,
So long, so small, so round !
Goodly begone,
And yet a bone
Most cruel in my wound.

With lilies white
And roses bright
Doth strain thy colour fair :
Nature did lend
Each finger's end
A pearl for to repair.

Consent at last,
Since that thou hast
My heart in thy domain,
For service true
On me to rue,
And teach me love again.

And if not so,
There, with more woe,
Enforce thyself to strain
This simple heart,
That suffered smart,
And rid it out of pain.

Sir Thomas Wyatt.

THE SONG OF TROILUS.

IF no Love is, O God! what feel I so?
And if Love is, what thing and which is he?
If Love be good, from whence cometh my woe?
If it be wicke, a wonder thinketh me
When every torment and adversity
That cometh of Him may to me savoury think:
For aye thirst I the more that I it drink.
And if that at mine owen lustë I bren,
From whence cometh my wailing and my plaint?
If harm agree me, whereto plain I then?
I wot ne why, unwearry that I faint.
O quickë death! O sweetë harm so quaint!
How may of thee in me be such quantity,
But if that I consent that it so be?
And if that I consent, I wrongfully
Complain ywis: thus tossèd to and fro,
All stereless within a boat am I,
Amid the sea, atwixen windes two,
That in contráry standen evermo.
Alas! what is this wonder malady,
For heat of cold, for cold of heat, I die!

Chaucer.

—o—

M A D R I G A L.

(From the Spanish of Camoens.)

THE heart that warmed my guileless breast
Some wanton hand had thence conveyed,
But Love, who saw his bard distressed,
In pity thus the thief betrayed—
“’Tis she who owns the fairest mien
And sweetest eyes that e’er were seen!”

And sure if Love be in the right,
 (And was Love ever in the wrong ?)
 To thee, my first and sole delight,
 That simple heart must now belong—
 Because thou hast the fairest mien
 And sweetest eyes that e'er were seen !
Lord Strangford.



THE PLEA.

FAIR, sweet, and young, receive a prize
 Reserved for your victorious eyes :
 From crowds, whom at your feet you see,
 O pity, and distinguish me ;
 As I from thousand beauties more
 Distinguish you, and only you adore.

Your face for conquest was designed,
 Your every motion charms my mind ;
 Angels, when you your silence break,
 Forget their hymns to hear you speak ;
 But when at once they hear and view,
 Are loth to mount, and long to stay with you.

No graces can your form improve,
 But all are lost unless you love ;
 While that sweet passion you disdain,
 Your veil and beauty are in vain.
 In pity then prevent my fate,
 For after dying all reprieves are late.

John Dryden.

HER TRIUMPH.

SEE the chariot at hand here of Love,
Wherein my lady rideth !
Each that draws is a swan or a dove,
And well the car Love guideth.
As she goes, all hearts do duty
Unto her beauty ;
And enamoured, do wish, so they might
But enjoy such a sight,
That they still were to run by her side,
Through swords, through seas, whither she would
ride.

Do but look on her eyes, they do light
All that Love's world compriseth !
Do but look on her hair, it is bright
As Love's star when it riseth !
Do but mark, her forehead's smother
Than words that soothe her !
And, from her arched brows, such a grace
Sheds itself through the face,
As alone there triumphs to the life
All the gain, all the good, of the elements' strife.

Have you seen but a bright lily grow,
Before rude hands have touched it ?
Have you marked but the fall o' the snow,
Before the soil hath smutched it ?
Have you felt the wool of beaver ?
Or swan's down ever ?
Or have smelt o' the bud o' the brier ?
Or the nard in the fire ?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee ?
O so white ! O so soft ! O so sweet is she !

Ben Jonson.

O N E O N L Y.

AND if the small flowers but knew it,
How deep are the wounds of my heart,
Weeping with me they would rue it,
To heal all my pain and smart.

And had the nightingales feeling
Of my weariness and grief,
Their songs would come gaily pealing,
To give my pain relief.

And if the stars in heaven
My sufferings could know,
Their light would soon be given
To mitigate my woe.

But none of them can know it,
One only knows my pain,
And she who alone could do it
Has rent my heart in twain.

Heine.

THE BONDS OF LOVE.

LOVE, that of earth and sea hath governance,
Love, that his hestes hath in heaven high,
Love, that with an wholesome alliance
Holt people joinèd as him list them gie,
Love, that knitteth law and company,
And couples doth in virtue for to dwell,
Bind this accord that I have told and tell.

That, that the world, with faith which that is stable,
Diverseth so his stoundës according,
That elements that be discordable

Holden a bond perpetually during,
That Phœbus mote his rosy day forth bring,
And that the moon hath lordship over the nights,
All this doth Love, aye heried be his mights.

That, that the sea, that greedy is to flowen,
Constraineth to a certain end so
His floods, that so fiercely they ne growen
To drenchen earth and all for evermo.
And if that Love aught let his bridle go,
All that now loveth asunder should leap,
And lost were all that Love holt now to-heap.

So would to God, that author is of kind,
That with his bond Love of his virtue list
To searchen hearts all, and fast bind,
That from his bond no wight the way out wist,
And hearts cold them would I that he twist,
To maken them love, and that list him aye rue
On hearts sore, and keep them that ben true.

Chaucer.



TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE WARS.

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore;
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more.

Richard Lovelace.



IF DOUGHTY DEEDS.

If doughty deeds my lady please,
Right soon I'll mount my steed;
And strong his arm, and fast his seat,
That bears frae me the meed.
I'll wear thy colours in my cap,
Thy picture at my heart;
And he that bends not to thine eye
Shall rue it to his smart!
Then tell me how to woo thee, Love;
O tell me how to woo thee!
For thy dear sake, nae care I'll take,
Tho' ne'er another trow me.

If gay attire delight thine eye,
I'll dight me in array;
I'll tend thy chamber door all night,
And squire thee all the day.
If sweetest sounds can win thine ear,
These sounds I'll strive to catch;
Thy voice I'll steal to woo thyself,
That voice that nane can match.

But if fond love thy heart can gain,
I never broke a vow;
Nae maiden lays her skaith to me,
I never loved but you.

For you alone I ride the ring,
For you I wear the blue ;
For you alone I strive to sing,
O tell me how to woo !
Then tell me how to woo thee, Love ;
O tell me how to woo thee !
For thy dear sake, nae care I'll take,
Tho' ne'er another trow me.

Graham of Gartmore.



VALENTINE'S DAY.

MUSE, bid the morn awake,
Sad winter now declines,
Each bird doth choose a mate
This day—St. Valentine's ;
For that good bishop's sake
Get up, and let us see,
What beauty it shall be
What fortune us assigns.

Drayton.



THE LINNET'S NEST.

THE nest the linnets brown had built
I offered to a maiden fair
As pretty rustic gift ; but she
For cruelty upbraided me
With an indignant air.
With downcast look I turned away
And quick I climbed the tree ;
Amongst the boughs the nest I laid ;
Then softer spake the little maid,
And brightly smiled on me.

And lo, a tide of sudden song
Throughout the woodland broke ;
The birdlings tuned their silver throats
As though a meed of grateful notes
The kindly deed awoke.

They ceaseless sang of hope, of joy,
Of love the whole day through ;
So soul-inspiring was the strain,
I gathered up the sweet refrain ;
And send it, love, to you.

Julia Goddard.



THE REVEILLÉE.

I HEARD a song one morning
So early in the spring,
And from my window looked to see
Who thus did sweetly sing.

I saw three pretty maidens,
And thus to me they spake—
“ We’ve brought you Spring’s first blossoms,
And all for love’s sweet sake—

“ Come forth, and you shall be our king,
For you a crown we’ll twine—
Come, wander through the world with us,
And be our Valentine.”

“ Ah nay,” said I, “ that cannot be,
I have a love so true ;
Her name I must not tell you—but
She is not one of you.”

Ah no, 'tis she to whom I send
This valentine to-day,
Hoping that she will think of me
As I think of her away.

Julia Goddard.



RED ROSE AND WHITE.

I WOULD I were the red rose
That grows beside your dwelling,
Then you would smile at my bright hue,
And my sweet breath should gladden you
When bitter thoughts were welling.

Or would I were the white rose
That clusters round your bower,
Then you might pluck me for delight,
And lay me in your bosom white,
As pure as my fair flower.

I care not—white or ruddy,
So I were near you ever,
Till frost of age should shed my leaves,
And I, content, should know "she grieves
That aught us twain should sever!"

B. Montgomerie Ranking.



MERRY MARGARET.

MERRY MARGARET, as midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon, or hawk of the tower ;
With solace and gladness,
Much mirth and no madness,
All good and no badness.

So joyously,
So maidenly,
So womanly,
Her demeanour in everything,
Far, far passing that I can indite,
Or suffice to write,
Of merry Margaret, as midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon, or hawk of the tower.

John Skelton.



HIDDEN LOVE.

AH! blame me not, if no despair
A passion you inspire can end,
Nor think it strange, too charming fair,
If love, like other flames, ascend.
If to approach a saint with prayer
Unworthy votaries pretend,
Above all merit, Heaven and you
To the sincere are only due.

Long did respect awe my proud aim,
And fear t' offend my madness cover,
Like you, it still reproved my flame,
And in the friend would hide the lover.
But by things that want a name
I the too bold truth discover,
My words in vain are in my power,
My looks betray me every hour.

Robert Woleseley.

LOVE AND LIFE.

Now sure within this twelvemonth past
I have loved at least some twenty years or more ;
The account of love runs much more fast
Than that, with which our life does score ;
So, though my life be short, yet I may prove
The great Methuselah of love.

Not that love's hours or minutes are
Shorter than those our being's measured by :
But they're more close compacted far,
And so in lesser room do lie.
Thin, airy things extend themselves in space,
Things solid take up little place.

Yet love, alas ! and life in me,
Are not two several things, but purely one,
At once how can there in it be
A double different motion ?

O yes, there may : for as the selfsame sun,
At once does slow and swiftly run.

Swiftly his daily journey he goes,
But treads his annual with a statelier pace,
And does three hundred rounds enclose
Within one yearly circle's space.
At once with double course in the same sphere,
He runs the day, and walks the year.

When soul does to myself refer,
'Tis then my life, and does but slowly move ;
But when it does relate to her,
It swiftly flies, and then is Love.

Love's my diurnal course, divided right
'Twixt hope and fear, my day and night.

Abraham Cowley.

A DITTY.

MY true love hath my heart, and I have his,

By just exchange one to the other given :

I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss ;

There never was a better bargain driven :

My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

His heart in me keeps him and me in one ;

My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides :

He loves my heart, for once it was his own ;

I cherish his because in me it bides :

My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

Sir Philip Sidney.



LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY.

OVER the mountains,

And over the waves ;

Under the fountains,

And under the graves ;

Under floods that are deepest,

Which Neptune obey ;

Over rocks that are steepest,

Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place

For the glow-worm to lie ;

Where there is no space

For receipt of a fly ;

Where the midge dares not venture,

Lest herself fast she lay,

If Love come, he will enter,

And soon find out his way.

You may esteem him
A child for his might ;
Or you may deem him
A coward from his flight ;
But if she, whom Love doth honour,
Be concealed from the day,
Set a thousand guards upon her,
Love will find out the way.
Some think to lose him,
By having him confined ;
And some do suppose him,
Poor thing, to be blind ;
But if ne'er so close ye wall him,
Do the best that you may,
Blind Love, if so you call him,
Will find out his way.
You may train the eagle
To stoop to your fist ;
Or you may inveigle
The phoenix of the east ;
The lioness, ye may move her
To give o'er her prey ;
But you 'll never stop a lover ;
He will find out his way. *Anonymous.*



WAKE NOW, MY LOVE.

WAKE now, my love, awake, for it is time ;
The rosy morn long since left Tithon's bed,
All ready to her silver coach to climb,
And Phoebus 'gins to show his glorious head.
Hark ! how the cheerful birds do chant their lays,
And carol of Love's praise.

The merry lark her matins sings aloft ;
The thrush replies ; the mavis descant plays ;
The ouzel shrills ; the ruddock warbles soft ;
So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,
To this day's merriment.

Ah ! my dear love, why do ye sleep thus long,
When meeter were that you should now awake
T' await the coming of your joyous make,
And hearken to the birds' love-learned song,
The dewy leaves among !

For they of joy and pleasance to you sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their echo ring.

Edmund Spenser.



LOVE IN WINTER.

AH, not alone when Spring is smiling,
Ah, not alone when Summer reigns,
Our love shall last when days are waning,
And Winter holds the earth in chains.

What if the sun its beams is hiding,
Thine eyes give light enough for me ;
What if the summer flowers have faded,
Whilst roses in thy cheeks I see.

In the white snow that falls from heaven
Thou type of my pure love shalt know ;
And Winter's hand, that stays the rivers,
Shall my love's perfect strength forth show.

For in our hearts, whilst love is glowing,
An everlasting sun doth shine,
And Winter's crown of gleaming crystal
Shall sparkle in its light divine.

Julia Goddard.



MARCUS WARD & CO

THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING.

THE time I've lost in wooing,
In watching and pursuing
The light that lies
In woman's eyes,
Has been my heart's undoing.
Though Wisdom oft has taught me,
I scorn the lore that bought me,
My only books
Were woman's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me.

Her smile when Beauty granted,
I hung with gaze enchanted,
Like him, the sprite,
Whom maids by night
Oft meet in glen that's haunted.
Like him, too, Beauty won me,
But while her eyes were on me—
If once their ray
Was turn'd away,
Oh! winds could not outrun me.

And are those follies going?
And is my proud heart growing
Too cold or wise
For brilliant eyes
Again to set it glowing?
No—vain, alas! th' endeavour
From bonds so sweet to sever;—
Poor Wisdom's chance
Against a glance
Is now as weak as ever!

Thomas Moore.

THE MIGHT OF LOVE.

THE God of Love, ah ! benedicite,
How mighty and how great a lord is he !
For he can make of low heartes high,
And of high low, and likè for to die,
And hardè hearts he can makè free.

He can make, within a little stound,
Of sickè folkè whole, fresh, and sound,
And of whole he can make sick ;
He can bind, and unbinden eke,
What he will havè bounden or unbound.

To tell his might my wit may not suffice ;
For he can make of wisè folk full nice,—
For he may do all that he will devise,—
And lither folk to destroyen vice,
And proudè heartes he can make agrise.

Shortly, all that ever he will he may ;
Against him dare no wight say nay ;
For he can glad and grievè whom he liketh,
And who that he will, he laugheth or siketh,
And most his might he sheddeth ever in May.

For every true, gentle heartè free,
That with him is, or thinketh for to be,
Against May now shall havè some stirring,
Or to joy, or else to some mourning,
In no season so much, as thinketh me.

For when they may hear the birdes sing,
And see the flowers and the leavès spring,
That bringeth into heartes remembrance
A manner easè, medled with grievance,
And lusty thoughtes full of great longing.

And of that longing cometh heaviness,
And thereof groweth oft great sickness,
And for lack of that that they desire :
And thus in May ben heartes set on fire,
So that they brennen forth great distress.

Chaucer.



THE MAID'S REMONSTRANCE.

NEVER wedding, ever wooing,
Still a love-lorn heart pursuing,
Read you not the wrong you're doing
In my cheek's pale hue?
All my life with sorrow strewing ;
Wed, or cease to woo.

Rivals banished, bosoms plighted,
Still our days are disunited ;
Now the lamp of hope is lighted,
Now half-quenched appears,
Damped, and wavering, and benighted,
'Midst my sighs and tears.

Charms you call your dearest blessing,
Lips that thrill at your caressing,
Eyes a mutual soul confessing,
Soon you'll make them grow
Dim, and worthless your possessing,
Not with age, but woe !

Thomas Campbell.

THE ENQUIRY.

AMONGST the myrtles as I walked,
Love and my sighs thus intertalked :
" Tell me " (said I, in deep distress),
" Where may I find my shepherdess ? "

" Thou fool " (said Love), " knowest thou not
In every thing that 's good she is : [this?
In yonder tulip go and seek,
There thou may'st find her lip, her cheek.

" In yon enamelled pansy by,
There thou shalt have her curious eye ;
In bloom of peach, in rosy bud,
There wave the streamers of her blood.

" In brightest lilies that there stands,
The emblems of her whiter hands ;
In yonder rising hill there smells
Such sweets as in her bosom dwells."

" 'Tis true " (said I), and thereupon
I went to pluck them one by one,
To make of parts a union,
But on a sudden all was gone.

With that I stopped. Said Love, " These be
(Fond man) resemblances of thee ;
And as these flowers, thy joys shall die,
Even in the twinkling of an eye,
And all thy hopes of her shall wither,
Like these short sweets thus knit together."
Thomas Carew.

U P O N L O V E .

IN a dream, Love bade me go
To the galleys there to row ;
In the vision I asked, Why?
Love as briefly did reply,
'Twas better there to toil, than prove
The turmoils they endure that love.

I awoke, and then I knew
What Love said was too, too true :
Henceforth therefore I will be
As from love, from trouble free :
None pities him that's in the snare,
And, warned before, would not beware.
Robert Herrick.



FROM ANACREON.

MONARCH Love ! resistless boy,
With whom the rosy Queen of Joy,
And nymphs, that glance ethereal blue,
Disporting tread the mountain-dew ;
Propitious, oh ! receive my sighs,
Which, burning with entreaty, rise,
That thou wilt whisper to the breast
Of her I love thy soft behest ;
And counsel her to learn from thee
The lesson thou hast taught to me.
Ah ! if my heart no flattery tell,
Thou'lt own I've learn'd that lesson well !
Thomas Moore.

WELCOME TO SUMMER.

Now welcome summer, with thy sunnës soft,
That hast these winter weathers overshake;
Saint Valentine, thou art full high on loft,
Which drivest away the long nights blake;
Thus singen smallë fowles for thy sake;
Well have they causë for to gladden oft,
Since each of them recovered hath his make;
Full blissful may they sing when they awake.
Chaucer.

SOMETHING CHILDISH, BUT VERY
NATURAL.

IF I had but two little wings,
And were a little feathery bird,
To you I'd fly, my dear!
But thoughts like these are idle things,
And I stay here.

But in my sleep to you I fly:
I'm always with you in my sleep!
The world is all one's own.
But then one wakes, and where am I?
All, all alone.

Sleep stays not, though a monarch bids:
So I love to wake ere break of day:
For though my sleep be gone,
Yet while 'tis dark, one shuts one's lids,
And still dreams on.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

PARTING.

WITHDRAW not yet those lips and fingers,
Whose touch to mine is rapture's spell;
Life's joy for us a moment lingers,
And death seems in the word—Farewell.
The hour that bids us part and go,
It sounds not yet,—oh, no, no, no!
Time, whilst I gaze upon thy sweetness,
Flies like a courser nigh the goal;
To-morrow where shall be his fleetness,
When thou are parted from my soul?
Our hearts shall beat, our tears shall flow,
But not together—no, no, no!

Thomas Campbell.



“THE LOVE THAT MAKETH NOT
ASHAMED.”

WHERE true Love burns, desire is Love's pure flame;
It is the reflex of our earthly frame,
That takes its meaning from the nobler part,
And but translates the language of the heart.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.



THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS
LOVE.

COME live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves and myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull,
Fair-lined slippers for the cold,
With bucklets of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

Thy silver dishes for thy meat,
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall on an ivory table be
Prepared each day for thee and me.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning;
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

Marlowe.

—o—

THE NYMPH'S REPLY.

If that the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,
And Philomel becometh dumb,
And all complain of cares to come.

The flowers do-fade, and wanton field
To wayward winter reckoning yield:
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs;
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed;
Had joys no date, nor age no need;
Then those delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

Sir Walter Raleigh.



EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY.

LOST! a heart with love inflamed,
No heart there is that's kinder;
The loser will not be ashamed
To recompense the finder,

On this condition: he for pain
Endured, must be requited;
Let *him* and *her* have equal pain,
Be two fond hearts united!

Exchange no robbery can be,
True love should not be slighted ;
If *she* will to these terms agree,
His heart would be delighted.

E. N. Marks.



CUPID AND SAINT VALENTINE.

CUPID, the conqueror of hearts,
Assists Saint Valentine,
And those who feel his piercing darts
To wedded love incline.

Tho' small the god, and great the saint,
They work together well ;
Their captives rather like restraint,
Their vot'ries ne'er rebel.

The god and saint love all mankind,
Especially the fair,
For whom "affinities" they find—
So, bachelors, beware !

E. N. Marks.



THE DEFINITION OF LOVE.

My love is of a birth as rare
As 'tis for object strange and high :
It was begotten by Despair
Upon Impossibility.

Magnanimous Despair alone
Could show me so divine a thing,
Where feeble hope could ne'er have flown,
But vainly flapped its tinsel wing.

And yet I quickly might arrive
Where my extended soul is fixed,
But fate does iron wedges drive,
And always crowds itself betwixt.

For fate with jealous eye does see
Two perfect loves ; nor lets them close :
Their union would her ruin be,
And her tyrannic power depose.

And therefore her decrees of steel
Us as the distant poles have placed
(Though love's whole world on us doth wheel),
Not by themselves to be embraced.

Unless the giddy heaven fall,
And earth some new convulsion tear ;
And us to join, the world should all
Be cramped into a planisphere.

As lines, so love oblique may well
Themselves in every angle greet :
But ours so truly parallel,
Though infinite, can never meet.

Therefore the love which us doth bind,
But fate so enviously debars,
Is the conjunction of the mind,
And opposition of the stars.

Andrew Marvell.

—o—

TO ———.

WELCOME, dear Heart, and a most kind good-morrow;
The day is gloomy, but our looks shall shine ;
Flowers I have none to give thee, but I borrow
Their sweetness in a verse to speak for thine.

Here are red roses, gathered at thy cheeks,—
The white were all too happy to look white :
For love the rose, for faith the lily speaks ;
It withers in false hands, but here 'tis bright !
Dost love sweet hyacinth? Its scented leaf
Curls manifold—all Love's delights blow double :
'Tis said this floweret is inscribed with grief,—
But let that hint of a forgotten trouble.
I plucked the primrose at night's dewy noon,
Like Hope, it showed its blossoms in the night ;
'Twas like Endymion watching for the moon :
And here are sunflowers, amorous of light.
These golden buttercups are April's seal,
The daisy stars her constellation be :
These grew so lowly, I was forced to kneel,
Therefore I pluck no daisies but for thee !
Here's daisies for the morn, primrose for gloom,
Pansies and roses for the noontide hours :
A wight once made a dial of their bloom,—
So may thy life be measured out by flowers !

Hood.

A LOVER'S DESIRE FOR HIS BEST
BELOVED.

Now the spring is come, turn to thy love,
To thy love, without delay !
Where the flowers spring, and birds do sing
Their sweet tunes : do not stay !
Where I shall fill thy lap with flowers,
And cover thee with shady bowers.
Come away, come away,
Come away, and do not stay !

Shall I languish still for thy love,
Still for thy love, without relief?
Shall my faith, so well approved,
Now despair, with my grief?
Where shall virtue then be found
But where duty doth abound?
Come away, come away,
Come away, and do not stay !

Flora here hath made a bed for my love,
For my love, of roses red.
Phœbus' beams to stay are bent,
For to yield my love content,
And the pleasant eglantine
Mixed with a thousand flowers fine.
Come away, come away,
Come away, and do not stay !

Hark ! the nightingale doth sing
For my love, and the woods do ring ;
Pan, to please my love, always
Pipeth there his roundelays ;
And the pleasant rushy brooks,
And every flower, for my love looks.
Come away, come away,
Come away, and do not stay !

Beauty's queen, with all her train,
Doth attend my love upon the plain ;
Tripping satyrs dancing move
Delight, delight my beauteous love ;
The muses nine, with music sweet,
Do all attend my love to meet.
Come away, come away,
Come away, and do not stay !

Fairest fair ! then turn to thy love,
 To thy love that loves thee best !
 Let sweet pity move, grant love for love ;
 Like the dove, let our love for ever rest !
 Crown my desires with a thousand joys !
 Thy love revives, thy hate destroys !
 Come away, come away,
 Come away, and do not stay !

Anonymous.

LOVE'S TEMPERING.

THE joys of love, if they should ever last
 Without affliction or disquietness,
 That worldly chances do amongst them cast,
 Would be on earth too great a blessedness,
 Likier to heaven than mortal wretchedness :
 Therefore the wingèd god, to let men weet
 That here on earth is no sure happiness,
 A thousand sours hath tempered with one sweet,
 To make it seem more dear and dainty, as is meet.

Spenser.

HYMN TO THE MOON.

WITH how sad steps, O Moon ! thou climb'st the
 How silently, and with how wan a face ! [skies,
 What may it be, that even in heavenly place
 That busy archer his sharp arrows tries ?
 Sure, if that long with love acquainted eyes
 Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case ;
 I read it in thy looks, thy languished grace
 To me that feel the like thy state describes.
 Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,
 Is constant love deemed there but want of wit ?

Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
Do they above love to be loved, and yet
Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?
Do they call virtue there ungratefulness?

Sir Philip Sidney.

—o—

F I C K L E.

I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair,
And I might have gone near to love thee,
Had I not found the slightest prayer
That lips could speak had power to move thee ;
But I can let thee now alone,
As worthy to be loved by none.

I do confess thou'rt sweet, but find
Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets ;
Thy favours are but like the wind,
That kisses everything it meets :
And since thou can with more than one,
Thou'rt worthy to be kissed by none.

The morning rose that untouched stands,
Armed with her briers, how sweetly smells !
But, plucked and strained through ruder hands,
Her scent no longer with her dwells.
But scent and beauty both are gone,
And leaves fall from her, one by one.

Such fate ere long will thee betide,
When thou hast handled been a while ;
Like sere flowers to be thrown aside ;
And I will sigh, while some will smile,
To see thy love for more than one
Hath brought thee to be loved by none.

Sir Robert Aytoun.

Y O U N G L O V E.

WHEN Love came first to earth, the Spring
Spread rose-buds to receive him,
And back he vowed his flight he'd wing
To Heaven, if she should leave him.

But Spring, departing, saw his faith
Pledged to the next new comer—
He revelled in the warmer breath
And richer bowers of Summer.

Then sportive Autumn claimed by rights
An archer for her lover,
And even in Winter's dark cold nights
A charm he could discover.

Her routs and balls, and fireside joy,
For this time were his reasons—
In short, young Love's a gallant boy,
That likes all times and seasons.

Thomas Campbell.



A S H I P.

TOSSED in a troubled sea of griefs, I float
Far from the shore, in a storm-beaten boat ;
Where my sad thoughts do, like the compass, show
The several points from which cross winds do blow.
My heart doth, like the needle, touched with love,
Still fixed on you, point which way I would move :
You are the bright Pole-star, which, in the dark
Of this long absence, guides my wandering bark :
Love is the pilot ; but, o'ercome with fear
Of your displeasure, dares not homewards steer.
My fearful hope hangs on my trembling sail,
Nothing is wanted but a gentle gale ;

Which pleasant breath must blow from your sweet lip.
Bid it but move ; and, quick as thought, this ship
Into your arms, which are my port, will fly,
Where it for ever shall at anchor lie.

—o— *Thomas Carew.*

THE LEGACY.

WHEN I died last—and, dear, I die
As often as from thee I go,
Though it be but an hour ago,
And lovers' hours be full eternity—
I can remember yet, that I
Something did say, and something did bestow ;
Though I be dead, which sent me, I should be
My own executor and legacy.
I heard me say, tell her anon,
That myself, that 's you, not I,
Did kill me, and when I felt me die,
I bid me send my heart, when I was gone,
But I, alas ; could there find none,
When I had ripped me, and searched where hearts
did lie,
It killed me again, that I, who still was true
In life, in my last will should cozen you.
Yet I found something like a heart,
But colours it, and corners had,
It was not good, it was not bad,
It was entire to none, and few had part.
As good as could be made by art
It seemed, and therefore for our losses sad,
I meant to send this heart instead of mine,
But oh, no man could hold it, for 'twas thine.

Dr. Donne.

LOVE UPBRAIDING.

TO BE HIS VALENTINE.

CHOOSE me your valentine ;

Next let us marry ;

Love to the death will pine,

If we long tarry.

Promise, and keep your vows,

Or vow ye never ;

Love's doctrine disavows

Troth-breakers ever.

You have broke promise twice,

Dear, to undo me ;

If you prove faithless thrice,

None then will woo thee.

Robert Herrick.

THE FAIR SINGER.

To make a final conquest of all me,

Love did compose so sweet an enemy,

In whom both beauties to my death agree,

Joining themselves in fatal harmony ;

That while she with her eyes my heart does bind,

She with her voice might captivate my mind.

I could have fled from one but singly fair,

My disentangled soul itself might save,

Breaking the curlèd trammels of her hair.

But how should I avoid to be her slave,

Whose subtle art invisibly can wreathe

My fetters of the very air I breathe ?

It had been easy fighting in some plain,

Where victory might hang in equal choice,

But all resistance against her is vain,
Who has th' advantage both of eyes and voice.
And all my forces needs must be undone,
She having gainèd both the wind and sun.
Andrew Marvell.

A HAUGHTY BEAUTY.

AH ! yes, you mocked me when I pled
That you should stay with me ;
And many scornful things you said,
With wilful cruelty.
And why ? If on the topmost flower
The sun may brightly glow,
The clouds will darken, and the shower
In drenching torrents flow.
When Summer's breeze, that rocks you now,
Has with the summer past,
The fragile stem to earth will bow,
Struck by the wintry blast.
Then cast aside your haughtiness,
And smile, tho' now you frown ;
That I with yearning and caress
May safely bear you down.

Edgar Berrie.

SEND ME BACK MY HEART.

I PRITHEE send me back my heart,
Since I can not have thine ;
For if from yours you will not part,
Why, then, shouldst thou have mine ?

Yet, now I think on 't, let it lie,
To find it were in vain ;
For thou'st a thief in either eye
Would steal it back again.
Why should two hearts in one breast lie,
And yet not lodge together?
O Love, where is thy sympathy,
If thus our breasts thou sever?
But Love is such a mystery,
I cannot find it out ;
For when I think I'm best resolved,
Then I am most in doubt.
Then farewell care, and farewell woe ;
I will no longer pine,
For I'll believe I have her heart
As much as she has mine.

Sir John Suckling.



THE ROSE.

As late each flower that sweetest blows
I plucked, the garden's pride !
Within the petals of a rose
A sleeping love I spied.
Around his brows a beamy wreath
Of many a lucent hue :
All purple glowed his cheek, beneath,
Inebriate with dew.
I softly seized the unguarded Power,
Nor scared his balmy rest :
And placed him, caged within the flower,
On spotless Sara's breast.

But when, unweeting of the guile,
Awoke the prisoner sweet,
He struggled to escape a while,
And stamped his faëry feet.

Ah! soon the soul-entrancing sight
Subdued the impatient boy!
He gazed! he thrilled with deep delight!
Then clapped his wings for joy.

“And O!” he cried—“of magic kind
What charms this throne endear!
Some other Love let Venus find—
I’ll fix my empire here.”

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.



THE NIGHT-PIECE: TO JULIA.

HER eyes the glow-worme lend thee,
The shooting starres attend thee;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will-o'-the-wispe mislight thee,
Nor snake or slow-worme bite thee;
But on, on thy way,
Not making a stay,
Since ghost there's none to affright thee.

Let not the darke thee cumber;
What though the moon do's slumber?
The starres of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers cleare, without number.

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,
 Thus, thus to come unto me ;
 And when I shall meet
 Thy silv'ry feet,
 My soule Ile poure into thee.

Robert Herrick.

—o—

IMITATED FROM "OVID."

(Fast. 2, 769.)

STRANGE is the power of thought—oft memory
 seems

To view the maid in visionary dreams,
 Or bending o'er the loom with patient care,
 Her white neck shaded by descending hair,
 Or when her song the lapse of time beguiles,
 Or sagely sad, or ripened into smiles ;
 The same that blush, the same that faultless grace,
 The same those gay bewitcheries of face ;—
 Love deems her near—and hangs upon the form
 Which fancy draws—as wishing and as warm !

Lord Strangford.

—o—

THE EXCHANGE.

WE pledged our hearts, my love and I—
 I in my arms the maiden clasping ;
 I could not tell the reason why,
 But, oh ! I trembled like an aspen.
 Her father's love she bade me gain ;
 I went, and shook like any reed !
 I strove to act the man—in vain !
 We had exchanged our hearts indeed.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

TO A LADY.

'Tis not the lily brow I prize,
Nor roseate cheeks nor sunny eyes,
Enough of lilies and of roses !
A thousandfold more dear to me
That look that gentle Love discloses—
That look which Love alone can see.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.



LOVE IS ENOUGH.

THERE is no life on earth but being in love !
There are no studies, no delights, no business,
No intercourse, or trade of sense, or soul,
But what is love ! I was the laziest creature,
The most unprofitable sign of nothing,
The veriest drone, and slept away my life
Beyond the dormouse, till I was in love !
And now I can outwake the nightingale,
Outwatch an usurer, and outwalk him too,
Stalk like a ghost that haunted 'bout a treasure ;
And all that fancied treasure, it is love !

Ben Jonson.



TO THE MOON.

YES, I will choose thee, tender queen of night,
As type of Love ; I know sweet Juliet bade
Her Romeo swear not by thy changeful light,
Yet 'tis not thee, methinks, we should upbraid,
Thou changest not—thou art but hid from sight
A little space by Earth's cold jealous shade :
Yes, be thou type of Love that cannot die,
Whate'er the passing gloom that shades thee o'er :

See, how thy silver crescent shines on high,
 More sweet because the darkness went before :
 See, how thy growing light fills all the sky :—
 So dawns, so grows true love from more to more :
 And dost thou seem to wane?—not so, I say,
 'Tis but a shadow—wait, 'twill pass away.

G. P. Meade.



CANZONET.

(From the Portuguese of Camoens.)

THOU hast an eye of tender blue,
 And thou hast locks of Daphne's hue,
 And cheeks that shame the morning's break,
 And lips that might for redness make

Roses seem pale beside them ;
 But whether soft or sweet as they,
 Lady, alas ! I cannot say,
 For I have never tried them.

Yet, thus created for delight,
 Lady ! thou art not lovely quite,
 For dost thou not this maxim know,
 That prudery is beauty's foe,

A stain that mars a jewel !
 And e'en that woman's angel face,
 Loses a portion of its grace,
 If woman's heart be cruel !

Love is a sweet and blooming boy,
 Yet glowing with the blush of joy,
 And (still in youth's delicious prime)
 'Tho' aged as patriarchal Time,
 The withering god despises :

Lady! wouldst thou for ever be
As fair, as young, and fresh as he—
Do all that Love advises!

Lord Strangford.



AGAINST ABSENCE.

AH! what pains, what racking thoughts he proves,
Who lives removed from her he dearest loves,
In cruel absence doomed past joys to mourn,
And think on hours that will no more return.
Oh! let me ne'er the pangs of absence try;
Save me from absence, love, or let me die.

Congreve.



FAREWELL TO LOVE.

FAREWELL, sweet Love! yet blame you not my truth;
More fondly ne'er did mother eye her child
Than I your form; *yours* were my hopes of youth,
And as *you* shaped my thoughts, I sighed or smiled.

While most were wooing wealth, or gaily swerving
To pleasure's secret haunt, and some apart
Stood strong in pride, self-conscious of deserving,
To you I gave my whole weak wishing heart.

And when I met the maid that realised

Your fair creations, and had won her kindness,
Say but for her if aught in earth I prized!

Your dreams alone I dreamt, and caught your
blindness.

O grief! but farewell, Love! I will go play me
With thoughts that please me less, and less betray
me.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

THE MISTAKE.

WHEN on fair Celia I did spy
A wounded heart of stone,
The wound had almost made me cry,
Sure this heart was my own.

But when I saw it was enthroned
In her celestial breast,
O then I it no longer owned,
For mine was ne'er so blest.

Yet if in highest heavens do shine
Each constant martyr's heart,
Then she may well give rest to mine,
That for her sake doth smart.

Where, seated on so high a bliss,
Though wounded it shall live ;
Death enters not in Paradise,
The place free life doth give.

Or if the place less sacred were,
Did but her saving eye
Bathe my sick soul in one kind tear,
Then should I never die.

Slight balms may heal a slighter sore,
No medicine less divine,
Can ever hope for to restore
A wounded heart like mine.

Thomas Carew.

THE HEART BREAKING.

It gave a piteous groan, and so it broke :
In vain it something would have spoke :
The love within too strong for 't was,
Like poison put into a Venice glass.

I thought that this some remedy might prove,
But, oh, the mighty serpent Love,
Cut by this chance in pieces small,
In all still lived, and still it stung in all.

And now (alas!) each little broken part
Feels the whole pain of all my heart :
And every smallest corner still
Lives with that torment which the whole did kill.

Even so rude armies when the field they quit,
And into several quarters get ;
Each troop does spoil and ruin more,
Than all joined in one body did before.

How many loves reign in my bosom now?
How many loves, yet all of you?
Thus have I changed with evil fate
My monarch-love into a tyrant-state.

Abraham Cowley.



C A N Z O N .

(From the Portuguese of Camoens.)

WHY should I indiscreetly tell
The name my heart has kept so well?
Why to the senseless crowd proclaim
For whom ascends my bosom flame.

Alas, there are but very few
Who feel as I for ever do—
And hear, with shrinking sense of pain,
Holy words from lips profane !

For she is holy in my sight
As are the seraph forms of light ;
And that blest name denotes whate'er
Of good there be—or chaste—or fair.

Of her, in time of heaviest woe,
I think, and tears forget to flow ;
Of her, in passion's fervid dreams,
And rapture's self the sweeter seems.

And shall the name, whose magic power
Throws light on every passing hour—
Shall it, a word of usage grown,
By every heartless fool be known ?

No—let it, shrined within my breast,
A little saint, for ever rest,
With pious ardours worshipped there,
Yet never mentioned but in prayer !

Lord Strangford.

—o—

THE SEARCH.

THE dreary winter days are past,
Young Spring is faintly smiling ;
Will you not smile on me at last,
My weary soul beguiling ?

You answer not, your voice is mute,
I know not where to find you ;
Could I but guess, in hot pursuit
I'd follow swift behind you.

Ah ! could I know your hiding-place
By stream or coppice shady,
What joy to gaze upon your face,
You cruel, winsome lady !

I search in vain, my senses err,
The task exceeds my powers ;
Come, Love, be thou my messenger,
And seek among the flowers.

And, seeking, find the sunny spots
In which her footsteps linger ;
Place in her breast forget-me-nots,
A gold band on her finger.

G. Stuart.



THE SOLO.

THE air seems alive with its music,
As the breezes come wandering by ;
There's the coo of the dove from the forest,
And the trill of the lark from the sky.

So sweetly the voices are blending,
One would think that the birds had agreed
On a musical fête for this morning,
And to make it a concert indeed.

A concert—but one little songster
Has wandered away from the rest,
He is singing alone—but, ah, listen !
He surely is singing the best.

Do you know why his song is so thrilling,
So rapturous, ringing, and clear ?
I will tell you—that sweet little solo
Is meant for one only to hear.

G. P. Meade.

AGAINST LOVE'S PRIDE.

SWEET, be not proud of those two eyes
Which starlike sparkle in their skies ;
Nor be you proud, that you can see
All hearts your captives ; yours yet free.
Be you not proud of that rich hair
Which wantons with the love-sick air ;
When as that ruby which you wear,
Sunk from the tip of your soft ear,
Will last to be a precious stone
When all your world of beauty's gone.

Robert Herrick.



THE COWSLIP'S STORY.

THE cowslip sweet was a milkmaid once,
A milking maiden fair to see,
But the lover she worshipped was nought but a dunce,
And she grew yellow with jealousy.

For he followed a lass with bold black een,
And she was left to pine and cry,
And her poor heart bled, till, in gown of green,
She laid herself down on a bank to die.

They buried her there, and out of her grave
There grew a plant with soft green leaves,
And a pale fair bud, that pity would crave,
Sprinkled with heart-drops, ever it grieves.

Now, maidens all, be wary and wise,
Choose not a love who will leave you to pine ;
But whoso courts you in truthful guise,
Test him, and take him for Valentine.

B. Montgomerie Ranking.

W O E ' S M E .

OH, how hard it is to find
The one just suited to our mind ;
And if that one should be
False, unkind, or found too late,
What can we do but sigh at fate,
And sing, Woe's me—Woe's me?

Love's a boundless, burning waste,
Where Bliss's stream we seldom taste,
And still more seldom flee
Suspense's thorns, Suspicion's stings :
Yet somehow Love a something brings
That's sweet—ev'n when we sigh,
“ Woe's me ! ”

Thomas Campbell.



LOVE'S BEGINNING.

How delicious is the winning
Of a kiss at Love's beginning,
When two mutual hearts are sighing
For the knot there's no untying !

Yet, remember, 'midst your wooing,
Love has bliss, but Love has ruing ;
Other smiles may make you fickle,
Tears for other charms may trickle.

Love he comes, and Love he tarries,
Just as fate or fancy carries ;
Longest stays, when sorest chidden ;
Laughs and flies, when pressed and bidden.

Bind the sea to slumber stilly,
Bind its odour to the lily,
Bind the aspen ne'er to quiver,
Then bind Love to last for ever !

Love's a fire that needs renewal
Of fresh beauty for its fuel ;
Love's wing moults when caged and captured,
Only free, he soars enraptured.

Can you keep the bee from ranging,
Or the ringdove's neck from changing ?
No ! nor fettered love from dying
In the knot there's no untying.

Thomas Campbell.



TO HIS LOVE.

My dear and only love, I pray
That little world of thee
Be governed by no other sway
Than purest monarchy ;
And in the empire of thy heart
Where I should solely be,
Let none beside pretend a part,
Or dare to share with me.

As Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone ;
My thoughts did evermore disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all.

But if no faithless action stain
Thy love and constant word,
I'll make thee famous by my pen,
And glorious by my sword ;
I'll serve thee in such noble ways
As ne'er were known before ;
I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,
And love thee evermore.

James, Marquis of Montrose.



A S O N G .

ADDRESSED TO MISS C——AM OF BRISTOL.

As Spring now approaches with all his gay train,
And scatters his beauties around the green plain,
Come then, my dear charmer, all scruples remove,
Accept of my passion, allow me to love.

Without the soft transports which love must inspire,
Without the sweet torment of fear and desire,
Our thoughts and ideas are never refined,
And nothing but Winter can reign in the mind.

But love is the blossom, the spring of the soul ;
The frosts of our judgment may check, not control ;
In spite of each hindrance, the Spring will return,
And nature with transports refining will burn.

This passion celestial by Heaven was designed
The only fixed means of improving the mind ;
When it beams on the senses, they quickly display
How great and prolific, how pleasing the ray.

Then come, my dear charmer, since love is a flame
Which polishes nature and angels your frame,
Permit the soft passion to rise in your breast,
I leave your good nature to grant me the rest.

Shall the beautiful flowerets all blossom around,
Shall Flora's gay mantle enamel the ground,
Shall the red blushing blossom be seen on the tree,
Without the least pleasure or rapture for me?

And yet if my charmer should frown when I sing,
Ah! what are the beauties, the glories of Spring?
The flowers will be faded, all happiness fly,
The clouds veil the azure of every bright sky.

Chatterton.



THE TOAST.

DRINK ye to her that each loves best,
And if you nurse a flame
That's told but to her mutual breast,
We will not ask her name.

Enough, while memory tranced and glad
Paints silently the fair,
That each should dream of joys he's had,
Or yet may hope to share.

Yet far, far hence be jest or boast
From hallowed thoughts so dear;
But drink to her that each loves most,
As she would like to hear.

Thomas Campbell.

SPRING FLOWERS.

THERE, where the daisies spring,
Or where the sweet birds sing
 Above the heather ;
Or 'neath the pleasant shade,
By the young green leaves made,
 We'll pass together ;

Thy gentle arm in mine,
My eyes still bent on thine,
 Our tongues repeating
Words tender, soft, and dear,
Lest, silent, we should hear
 Our hearts' loud beating.

Say, shall it not be so ?
When the sweet flowers do blow,
 And winter's over :
Then thou wilt come to me,
My Valentine to be,
 And I thy Lover.

A. Gaskell.



ON STELLA.

WHEN Stella's eyes give forth their beams,
All full of light delicious seems,
 Though dark as night before ;
And unseen troops of witching fays,
With bonds wound out of golden rays,
 Entrap me o'er and o'er—
Binding me captive to my Queen,
While I sit tranc'd in joy serene.

T. K. Tully.

HIS EXCUSE FOR LOVING.

LET it not your wonder move,
Less your laughter, that I love.
Though I now write fifty years,
I have had, and have my peers ;
Poets, though divine, are men :
Some have loved as old again.
And it is not always face,
Clothes, or fortune gives the grace ;
Or the feature, or the youth ;
But the language and the truth,
With the ardour and the passion,
Gives the lover weight and fashion.
If you then will read the story,
First, prepare you to be sorry
That you never knew till now
Either whom to love, or how ;
But be glad, as soon with me,
When you know that this is she,
Of whose beauty it was sung,
She shall make the old man young.
Keep the middle age at stay,
And let nothing high decay,
Till she be the reason why
All the world for love may die. *Ben Jonson.*



THE PRIMROSE.

SOME sing the rose and a laughing eye,
And some the violet, sweet and shy ;
But my true love is a primrose fair,
With dancing feet and waving hair ;
Bright brown eyes and lips apart,
Primrose queens it in my heart.—*G. A. Simcox.*



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